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ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

CONFERENCES.

On the third day after Rosalind went into the city, Thomas Gondam rode out into the country to get the girl's clothes.

"But why didn't Rosa come?" asked Mrs. King, after the visitor had made known his business.

"She could not leave her mother," replied Gondam. "The poor woman is very sick, and our dear Rosa would not leave her. They are very happy together—very happy."

"I'm glad of that. I hope Rosa will be well cared for."

"You need have no fear on that score, Mrs. King. She has one of the kindest of mothers."

"I'm sure, I hope they will be happy." The good woman spoke as though she had some fears; but she thought how foolish it was to doubt the love of a mother, and without saying more she went into the little bed-room to get Rosa's things. They had been all packed into a trunk, so it required but a few moments to have them ready.

"There are some few little things mixed up with Betsy's trumpery which Rosa can get when she comes out," Mrs. King said, as she came from the bed-room. "My children are all at school now."

"It makes no difference, ma'am. She only wants some of her dresses. She will be out as soon as her mother is better."

Gondam got the trunk into his wagon as soon as he could, and then drove off. The farmer and his man were away in a distant field at work, so the broker had the fortune to accomplish his errand without much trouble. He left the trunk at the pawnbroker's shop, and having given his horse up at the stable, he went to his office.

That day he presented all the drafts which were payable in Boston, and when he went home he had twenty thousand dollars in money. On the following day he went to New York, where he obtained forty thousand more; and from there he kept on to Philadelphia. In four days he had turned all his uncle's paper into money, and the next thing was, to invest it. But there was trouble. He had a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and he dared not offer any such sum even at different places. He could not hold property in real estate, or stocks, without its being known; and if people saw him launching out so extensively they would wonder where his money came from. The more he thought of this, the more he was perplexed. He was frightened where there was no occasion, and he suspected evil where there was no danger. As the wicked flee when no man pursueth, so did he quail before mere spectres.

Finally, a new thought struck the guilty man. He would turn his money into gold, and then there would be no danger in keeping it; and, moreover, he could then work with it as opportunity offered. One evening he told his wife he was going to fix his book-case, so she needn't wonder if she heard some pounding up in his room. He got a hatchet and saw, and went up. He locked the door, and put a piece of paper into the key-hole, and then he went at the work he had in hand. But it was not upon the desk—it was upon the floor. After considerable trouble he succeeded in removing two of the boards, and fixing them so that he could take them up and put them down at pleasure, and when this was done he took the paper from the key-hole and unlocked the door. He had contrived a place in which to hide his gold!

One forenoon, while Thomas Gondam sat in his office, engaged in making figures upon a piece of paper, his door was opened, and a young man, of handsome appearance and well dressed, entered.

"This is Mr. Gondam, I believe," the visitor said.

"That is my name, sir," the broker returned, eyeing the young man sharply.

"And mine is Albert Varrondale, sir."

"Ah—yes—Varrondale? Yes, yes. I think I have heard the name before."

"You may have heard your niece mention it, sir."

"O—ah—yes. I have."

"It was to learn something of her that I came."

"Ah.—Take a seat, sir.—To learn something of my niece. Yes, yes."

Albert drew up a chair, and ere he spoke again he surveyed the broker from head to foot, though his chief attention was bestowed upon the cold, bloodless face. He had seen something of the world, and in his studies he had learned to read human character very accurately; but he had never before come upon a face like this—he had never seen one so expressionless and heartless. It was less than the face of a man, and yet there was nothing brutal in it. It had no courage, and but little cunning. Such a man, thought Albert, must be a villain, because he has no sense of honor or right. He can have no compunctions of conscience, and could only be moved by fear.

"Rosalind is in the city, sir?" the young man said, interrogatively.

"She was here," replied Gondam, paring his finger nail with a penknife.

"With you?"

"No. With her parents."

"Will you have the kindness to inform me where I can find her?"

"Really, my dear sir, I could not do it."

ROSALIND'S PERSECUTING SUITOR CLAIMS HER AS HIS WIFE.

"Not do it?" repeated Albert, in astonishment. "But I am—a friend of hers, sir; and I know she would be very glad to see me."

"I haven't the least doubt of it, sir—not the least."

"Then will you not tell me where she is?"

"I would if I could," the broker returned, still at work upon his finger-nails.

"What do you mean? Do you not know where she is?" asked Albert, growing very impatient.

"You've hit the mark exactly, sir. I don't know where she is."

"But—sir——"

"Let me explain," interrupted Gondam, shutting his knife half up, and twirling it around with the blade between his thumb and finger. "Mrs. Ludder was very sick——"

"*Ludder!*" interrupted Albert.

"Yes. That is Rosa's true name. I called it Hubert, at the request of her parents. If they had never come back—if suspicion of wrong had rested upon their name—they did not want the curse to descend upon their child. But, as I was saying, Mrs. Ludder was very sick, and the doctor said she must travel. These east winds were dangerous to her."

"And do you mean that they have left the city?"

"Yes. They left three days ago."

"And Rosalind—did she go with them?"

"Bless my soul, young man, what a question! Why—the mother and daughter were inseparable. Such perfect love I never saw before."

"Whither have they gone?"

"Ah—that's just what I've been trying to find out."

Thomas Gondam suddenly stopped speaking, and a quick, tremulous shadow passed over his face. There was a dark spot on the cuff of his coat, and as he scraped it with his knife it threw off a red, glutenous dust. He spat upon it, and rubbed it with his finger.

"Curse the ink?" he said, turning the cuff till the dark spot came underneath the wrist.

"You were saying——"

"Ah—yes. I was saying that Mrs. Ludder was very sick. She loved her child, sir; and that child loved her. In fact, I never saw such love before."

"You were saying that you had been trying to find out where they had gone, sir," remarked Albert, uneasily.

"Of course I was. Yes, yes. But I couldn't help thinking of the love there is between that mother and child. It's surprising, sir—really surprising."

"But will you tell me what you know of their present whereabouts?" cried the youth, impatiently.

"Young man," returned Gondam, confidentially, "I am going to tell you the naked truth. Mrs. Ludder was my friend—Mrs. Ludder was my only sister—but I think they have deceived me. I don't think they came on here with the intention of stopping, at all. I think they only came for their child. They had amassed great wealth in the Western country, and they wanted their sweet child to help them enjoy it."

"Do I understand you to mean that they have gone out there again—with Rosalind?"

"I don't know what you understand; but that's what I mean. I had business in Brighton—two days ago—and when I left I knew that the physician had said something about the east winds being hurtful to Mrs. Ludder; but I didn't think she was going, though I missed her when I came back."

"But I thought you said they went away three days ago."

"Three days?" repeated Gondam, somewhat flurried. But he recollected himself. "Ah—yes. It was four days ago that I went away—*two days* ago that I came back—*three* days ago that they went. They went, bag and baggage, sir."

"But why do you think they have gone back into the Western country?"

"Because Mrs. Ludder told me they should eventually settle there. O—I haven't the least doubt of it, my young sir. In fact, I know they have gone there."

"But why did they not let Rosa come out and see her old friends before they took her away?"

"Ah—there you have the whole thing in a nutshell," said Mr. Gondam, snapping the blade of his knife to and fro with his thumb. "Her parents are very wealthy and very proud. Her father asked me if I supposed the girl had formed any *peculiar* attachment among her country friends. I told him I didn't know, but I thought it quite likely. Then he said he must put a stop to any such nonsense, and at the same time he hinted that he had a splendid match for her out West. In fact, I think one reason for their hurrying off so, was to get their child out of the way of her childish attachments. You know people of wealth and station can't see their children mate with those below them. I don't defend such ideas—only they are common, and society is very much governed by them. I think them very false ideas, myself."

Albert Varrondale felt faint and dizzy. The words he had heard sank to his heart with a painful force, and he knew that his face must be very pale.

"Could you tell me where Rosa's parents live—where, in the Western country, they will stop?" he finally asked.

"No. They never told me. Ye see, I didn't dream of their going off so soon, so I didn't take the trouble to find out."

"But I should think they would have told you they were going—you, an only brother."

"Ah—there you have it again," said Gondam, snapping his knife vigorously. "They were afraid of me. They knew that I would never consent to let them go till they had been out to see Mr. King. They knew it because I had told them so. Hence they ran away from me. It was shabby in them to do so, wasn't it?"

"It was hardly treating Rosalind as I should think a loving parent would treat a loving child."

"Ah—you don't take into account the PRIDE those parents feel in their child, my young sir."

Albert regarded the broker for some moments in silence. There was a bitter curl upon his finely carved lip, and a bitter word arose for utterance; but he kept it back.

"Then you couldn't tell me where they will be likely to stop?—in what town—or even in what county?"

"No, I could not. But I may hear from them, and when I do I shall ride right out to Mr. King's and let him know. I suppose you can find out from him."

Albert said he could, and then, as the broker betrayed a desire to be at work, he left the office. When he reached the side-walk of the narrow alley he stood and pondered upon what he had heard; but he was not yet calm enough to reason much. Still he feared that all was not fair. There was a vague terror, flitting like a shadow before him, which would seem to make Thomas Gondam a villain. He dared go no further. Perhaps his fear was more dark than the reality. At length he started up towards State street, and made his way to the Tremont House. In the office he found the register, but he could find no such name in it as he sought. He asked the clerk if there had been a Mr. Ludder stopping there.

"Not unless you find his name there," was the answer.

Albert turned away, and went to other hotels; but he found no such name upon any register. Late at night he drove up the hill, and stopped at the farmer's door.

"Wal," said Simon Peter, who had come from the barn to meet him, "what luck?"

"Come this way, Simon," returned Albert, drawing the man away into the shed. "There's something wrong," he added, after they had got to a safe distance from the door.

"But what ye heerd?"

The young man told the whole of his conversation with Gondam.

"Yaas," said Simon, as Albert concluded.

"And I went to every respectable, first-class hotel in the city," pursued the youth, "and no such persons had stopped at any of them."

"Yaas. Did you go to the Tremont?"

"I went there first."

"Wal—it's jest as I 'spected. That ere Gondam *is a snake, Albert. Cuss his pictur, he's a snake!*"

"But what could have been his motive in getting Rosa away, if it was not to take her to her parents?"

"Didn't he say 'at them ere parrents had come home awful rich?"

"Yes."

"Wal, s'pose now—jest s'pose—'at them parrents hadn't come home at all; but s'pose, instead o' comin' home, they 'd died—eh?"

"Go on, Simon."

"S'pose, I say—they 'd died rich—died, an' left their darter the heiress to an awful fortin. I've heerd tell o' sich things, Albert."

Albert Varrondale started, and gazed intently upon his companion.

"Did ever ye see such another pair of eyes as that ere cuss is got?" said Simon, impressively.

"I never did," returned Albert."

"Or sich crow's feet?"

"Never."

"An' sich a white-livered, mean, fishy, intarnal, an' all-fired desateful lookin' face?"

"I never did, Simon."

"Now, ye see," pursued Simon Peter, intently, "I know'd 'at that ere chap was up to some mischief when he was out here arter that gal. I could tell by the way he acted when he was a helpin' me tackle his hoss. He was as oneasy as a hungry baby. When I'd ketch his jofired mean lookin' eye he 'd let it drop so quick yeou'd a' thought pepper 'd flied into it. An honest man never 'd act like that."

"True," responded Albert, thoughtfully.

"And an honest man never looked like Tom Gondam!" added Simon, emphatically.

At this juncture Mr. King came out, and finally they adjourned to the house, where Albert was forced to tell his story. The matter was discussed at length, and finally it was decided that they had been deceived, and that Gondam had taken Rosa away for some selfish purpose of his own.

"I know she hasn't gone away from Boston," said Betsy, with vehement energy. "She never would have gone without letting me know."

"But suppose they wouldn't let her come out?" suggested Lucy.

"Then she 'd have written to me. I know good Rosa too well. They needn't tell me that she's gone away off West, and didn't even send me a line—not a word. I know better. She's in Boston now, poor thing! Perhaps she's kept shut up in a tight room, just like the Princess Starbeam in the old tower! I knew nothing good would come of her going away. Only think of her being with that ugly, sinful——"

"Cussed snake!" suggested Simon, gritting his teeth.

——"snake!" repeated Betsy. And then she burst into tears.

Albert was more deeply impressed by the picture the sorrowing girl had drawn than he was willing to own. And they were all impressed by it; and before Albert left it was arranged that a thorough search should be made.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PAWNBROKER MAKES KNOWN HIS PLANS.

Rosalind had been nearly two weeks in the pawnbroker's house, and during all that time she had not been into the street. She had not been able to get any direct proof from the lips of her keepers that they were not her parents; but, nevertheless, she had proof enough. There was a witness in her own heart that gave convincing evidence; and then the manner of the two people towards her was in itself a positive assurance that they had no love for her, and that they could be of no kindred with her. Upon this point she was decided. Had both Michael and Patty freely declared that she was not their child, it could not have added to her conviction. Every day—every hour—things transpired which gave confirmation of the fact. The girl had watched every word and movement, and they were not only remembered, but they were arranged into evidence from masses of disjointed fragments. For instance: One day Patty found fault with the cooking-stove. She said it had bothered her ever since it was put up. On the next day it bothered her again; and, when her patience was exhausted, she said she 'd smash the old thing to pieces if Mike didn't get a new one. And so it went on, with her mutterings, until it finally came out that she had used that old stove, in that very spot, over a year; and that somebody else had cooked by it, for Mr. Michael Ludder, before that.

And so there were many things, continually leaking out, which all pointed to the same end.

"Mrs. Ludder," said Rosalind, as the two sat together in the kitchen one evening, "what is the use of keeping up such a farce? You know you are not my mother; and you know that Mr. Ludder is not my father. Why will you not tell me your purpose in keeping me here?"

Patty gazed up out of her red eyes, but made no reply.

"Where is my uncle?" the girl asked. "Why don't he come and see me? Why has he forsaken me thus?"

Still no answer.

"Why am I kept locked up here like a prisoner—with not even permission to go into the front shop, that I may look into the street? Why is it? I ask. Oh! why will you keep up such a shallow pretence longer? You know you are not my mother."

"D'ye know who yer mother is?" asked Patty, with a quiet wink.

"No," replied Rosalind, mournfully.

"Did ye ever know?"

"No."

"Did ye ever know who yer father was?"

"No."

"Then what a *precious fool* ye must be to talk in that way. 'Pears to me, ef I never know'd who my parents was, I wouldn't go for to run down the first couple that had the decency to own me. That's all I've got to say on the subject."

And that was enough, for Rosalind knew she should get no more.

When the poor girl went up to her lonely room that night, she sat down upon her bed and wept, as she had done every night since she had been there. Hopes of escape had come and gone, and other hopes had well nigh faded. She had carried a letter in her bosom several days—a letter which she had written for Albert—but she had found no opportunity to send it away. Her every movement was narrowly watched, and where the sharp eyes of her keepers might fail, stout locks were put against her. She had grown thin and pale, and her heart was heavy and sad.

One evening when she came down to supper, she found a stranger at the table. It was the first guest she had seen in that room. It was a man of middle-age, quite stout in frame, with coarse, sandy hair, a low, uneven forehead, and a face deeply pitted by small-pox. He was dressed very respectably, and might have passed for a decent-looking man in the street; but there was a cast of gross sensuality about him which could not escape the close observer, and which became repulsive when once seen. He was introduced to Rosalind as Gabriel Barber, Esquire.

For a while the guest, who proved to be a lawyer of some sort, conversed with Ludder upon business topics, taking care to keep the idea constantly before the company that he was worth a great deal of money. At length he said some very agreeable things to Patty, displaying some coarse wit by the way, and finally he turned his attention to Rosalind.

"You have not been long in the city, Miss Ludder," he said, with a politeness that was far from being natural to him.

"No, sir," she replied, timidly. The name sounded strangely to her, but she did not hesitate to answer.

"How do you like Boston?" he continued.

"I have not seen enough to enable me to form an opinion, sir."

"The truth is," explained Michael, "we've kept her pretty close thus far."

"Ah—very proper," said Barber, with a highly appreciative flourish. "Your parents are commendably careful, Miss Ludder. The city is a sad place for the free range of one so young and fair as yourself. You can know little of the temptations that beset one in such a place."

Rosalind seemed to understand what he meant, but she made no reply.

"Still," pursued the shyster, with a patronizing glance, "you may find friends, ere long, who will take you out into society. You would enjoy it, I am sure. How do you like to see the plays at the theatre?"

"I never saw one, sir."

"Never did?" echoed Mr. Barber, in surprise. "Well—I declare—I never! You shall go and see one on the first opportunity. Mrs. Ludder, my dear, you would not object to trusting your sweet child under my care?"

"O—no indeed," replied Patty. "You are just the man to take care of her You have influence and station. I should be delighted to have you take her."

At this point they arose from the table, and Gabriel Barber took a seat close by Rosalind's side. She would have hurried away to her room, but

Ludder bade her remain and keep them company. The visitor commenced to tell his fair companion about the theatre. He put his face close down to hers, and rattled away for nearly an hour about actors and actresses, and about the plays he had seen. Some of his descriptions of plots and scenes were not devoid of interest, and at times Rosalind might have been entertained, had the narrator been at all congenial; but as it was, she was disgusted, and only longed for the time to come when she could go to her room. The man was almost insulting in his familiarity, and many of the things of which he spoke had a want of decency and morality about them which shocked her.

Finally, however, the man arose to take his leave. But Rosalind was not quite rid of him.

"Miss Ludder," he said, bending towards her with a grinning smile, "allow me to hope that the pleasure which I have enjoyed this evening may be often repeated."

A cold shudder crept through her frame, and she knew not what to say in reply. But Patty saw the trouble, and came at once to the rescue.

"We should be very happy to have ye come, 'Squire Barber," she said.

"Thank you. Good-night, Miss Ludder."

Rosalind managed to say good-night in return, and then the visitor took his leave.

"What a splendid man," said Patty, after Barber had gone.

"A fine man—a wealthy man—at the very head of his profession," responded Michael.

"And such charmin' company. He knows everything."

"And more, too," suggested the pawnbroker, probably not aware of how thickly he was spreading it.

"It's really astonishin' that he don't get a wife," pursued Patty, with a sort of moral wonderment. "How many women there are that 'd jump out o' their skins to get him."

"He would make an excellent husband," admitted Michael.

"That he would," echoed Patty.

Rosalind noticed the sidelong glances which were cast upon her during this colloquy, and when she at length reached her own room, she sank down pale and frightened. There was some hidden meaning in the visit of Gabriel Barber, but she shrank from the investigation. She dared not even ponder upon it, and she tried to banish the thought from her mind, but it would not go at her bidding, and even while she slept, the thought came in dreams. She dreamed that she was again walking up the hill-side road, and again her father was with her. It was the same old white-haired man she had dreamed of once before, and she loved him dearly. He wound his arms about her, and his voice was like the notes of an angel. Suddenly a ruffian leaped out from among the thornbushes, as before, and struck the old man down; but this time it was Gabriel Barber who struck the murderous blow, and when he had done the murder, he seized her and bore her away into the air.

Rosalind awoke with a cry of fear. She was in her own bed, and all about her was dark and silent, save the night-wind which moaned without.

On the very next night Gabriel Barber came again, and again was Rosalind forced to listen to him. And he kept up his visits for a week, coming every night, and talking of theatres, and amusements of all sorts. On Saturday night he was more familiar than usual. He kept his face nearer to hers, and talked in lower tones. He told of love scenes which he had seen in plays, and sighed when he pictured the sufferings of the discarded lover, and when he arose to go away, he seized her hand and kissed it. He stopped some time in the front shop with Mr. Ludder, and she could hear the hum of their voices as they conversed in low, earnest tones. She had arisen to light her lamp when Patty spoke:

"Don't go quite yet, me dear. Mr. Ludder wants to speak to ye."

With a sinking heart Rosalind sank back into her chair, and presently Michael returned. He took a seat near the stove, and turned towards her, eyeing her with a strange, calculating look. He thumped his feet upon the floor, twirled his thumbs awhile, then looked at his watch, and finally gave his chair a preparatory hitch.

"Rosalind—my child," he said, with a slight cough, "you must feel very much confined here, to be shut up all by yourself so."

She gazed up into the speaker's face, but made no reply. She was trembling with fear, and yet she hoped there might be no occasion for it.

"You've been here going on three weeks," the pawnbroker resumed. "Don't you think you'd like a little change? Wouldn't you like to go out, and look around a little, and see what's going on?"

Rosalind could not well help answering now, and she said she would.

"So I thought." Ludder gave his chair another hitch, and then added, "We feel very much for your interest, my child, and it is our wish to see you settled down and happy. You know you can't always expect to live with us."

"I should like to have her," interrupted Patty, "only I know 'twouldn't be for her good."

"Of course it wouldn't," said Michael. "Do you think it would, Rosa?"

"No, sir—I do not," the poor girl answered, faintly; but she spoke promptly, for she spoke the truth.

"No more do I," returned Ludder, "and we've been makin' some preparations for your leavin' us. What d'ye say to that?"

She had nothing to say to it.

"What d'ye s'pose we've been doin'?" the man asked.

"I don't know, sir."

"But can't ye guess?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"S'pose I was to tell ye that I'd found a husband for ye?"

Rosalind started as though a heart-string had snapped.

"S'pose, now, that we'd got a first-rate husband for ye, my dear?"

"Oh!—no, no, no!"

"Why—mercy on me! what's the matter? Bless me, but you're the first girl I ever saw act so. Don't ye want a husband?"

"No, no!—indeed I do not! Oh! don't talk so!"

"Why—you're crazy, Rosa. I tell ye I've got a husband all picked out—a capital husband—a rich husband—a learned husband—and a husband that'll love ye dearly."

"But I can't marry! You don't mean it!"

"Don't mean it? But I do just mean it, though. I do mean it, my dear. I've promised your hand, my daughter—I've promised it as I had a right to. What ye got to say to that?"

Rosalind said nothing; but, pale, speechless, and frightened, she gazed upon the man before her.

"Who d'ye s'pose I've promised ye to, Rosa?"

"To nobody!—Oh! to nobody!"

"To a very good, handsome body," said Patty, correctively.

"It's to Gabriel Barber, Esquire," added Michael.

Rosalind's heart had sunk low enough, and at the mention of that name it bounded up with sudden opposition.

"Do you mean that you have promised my hand in marriage to Mr. Barber;" she asked with a flashing eye

"I have promised just that thing," returned Ludder, slowly and emphatically.

"And do you suppose I will ever marry with him?"

"I don't suppose anything about it, my dear."

"But I do—and I *know*," said Rosalind, her eyes now flashing, and her pale cheeks flushed.

"What do ye know?"

"I know that I will never be that man's wife!"

"But you must be. I've given my word."

"And who are you—what is your authority—that you should give such a word to any man?"

"Simply," said Michael, with an impressive movement of the forefinger, "the authority of a father."

"*Father!*" cried the excited girl, with bitter sarcasm. "You know you speak falsely when you say so! Where is the uncle who brought me here? If you are my parents, and he is your relative, why does he not come and see me? If you are my parents, and can establish the fact, why am I kept a close prisoner here? Why am I not allowed to breathe the fresh air?—why not be permitted to visit those kind people who have reared me from infancy? Why is all this? It is because you fear to let me go! You know there is danger of losing me! Full well ye know that the bonds between us would be blown to empty air by the first free breath I drew! Have I not watched ye? Have I not listened to your speech when ye thought my ears were dull? Have ye not lived here for years?——"

"No!" exclaimed Patty, emphatically.

"*You*—YOU—So you have not!" cried Rosalind, turning upon the woman with a look of mingled contempt and pity. "You are not this man's wife! Oh! Great God, shield me from the accursed faten which has falle upon you! Would ye drag me down to the slough in which a cruel fortune has cast your lot?—No! You shall not do it! But Michael Ludder has carried on his business here for years. *My* parents had just come from the West! Oh! what falsehood!"

"You're keen," said the pawnbroker, not yet recovered from the shock which this sudden burst had given him.

"I have eyes, and I have ears," replied Rosalind, quickly. "Such a bare-faced falsehood as you would palm upon me cannot bear the light of scrutiny. I have seen enough and heard enough. We understand each other now, so you need dissemble no more."

"Well—well—here's a go!" uttered Michael Ludder, as the girl sank back almost exhausted.

"A pretty go!" responded Patty, with an angry look working over her red face. "I—*I*—am an accursed thing!"

"I said not so," quickly interposed Rosalind. "I said it was an accursed fate which had fallen upon you. Look back—oh! look back, if you can, to the time when you were free, pure, and happy——"

"Never mind. I don't want to look back."

"We don't any of us want to look back," said Ludder. "We've got something to look forward to. Your wedding will come off to-morrow, my dear. We had you published a fortnight ago. Your name's been stuck up in the City Hall, alongside of Mr. Barber's, ever since two weeks ago today."

"You have my decision!" returned Rosalind.

"And *you* have *mine!*" was the response. "And *now look, ye," the man added, with an expression so singular and ugly that the poor girl* quailed before it, "you've said your say! I shall overlook it this time—but you'd better be in your grave than to open on me again in that way! You'll be Barber's wife to-morrow, if you live! Now go to your room, and learn manners."

Without a word, Rosalind took her lamp and went away, and when she reached her chamber she sank upon her knees and asked God to help her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG!

The Sabbath came, cold and wet. The rain had been falling since midnight, and the wind came from the sea. Rosalind gazed out upon the dreary scene of roofs and chimneys, and something in her soul whispered that the morning was a type of her fate. She had looked about for means of escape, but had found none. Every avenue to the street was secured by bolts and bars, and her window was nailed down. She resolved that she would get something with which to remove those nails before another night.

The church-bells had begun to ring before her breakfast was ready, and as she was upon the point of going down her door was opened, nnd Patty entered. The latter seemed quite anxious about something, and gazed all over the room ere she spoke.

"Rosa," she at length said, "you made Mr. Ludder very mad last night."

"I could not help it," the girl replied.

"Yes you could help it. You needn't have spoke as you did."

"What do you mean?" asked Rosalind, in surprise. Do you know how I feel? Can you not imagine how my soul rebelled against such a foul——"

"Stop, child. I didn't come to hear anything about that. I only came for your good. I came to warn ye."

"To warn me against what?"

"Against makin' Michael mad again. Ye don't know what a temper he's got. It's awful when it's once up. If ye have any care for yer own good don't ye provoke him any more. I tell ye, he won't bear it."

"But I must bear everything from him!" cried Rosalind, bitterly. "I must bear even sin itself rather than he should be offended!"

"But," said Patty, somewhat perplexed, "ye know we sometimes have to bow to those in power. We ought to look out for our own good."

"And be assured I shall never cease to look out for mine," responded the girl, promptly.

"Then ye won't oppose Michael again."

"If he would do me evil, I certainly shall."

"But that depends upon what you call evil, my child. S'pose, now, that a worse evil should come of your opposin' him?"

"A worse than what?" returned Rosalind, gazing sharply into the woman's face.

"Why—worse than—say, for instance, marryin' with Barber."

"A greater evil could not befal me."

"O, yes there could. You might be killed. Don't think I mean that any body would do such a thing. I only say, ye *might* be killed."

"And do you think I would marry with that man for the sake of saving my life?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you are mistaken. I would rather be in my grave than be Gabriel Barber's wife?"

"You don't mean it, child. I know you don't. What's the use o' talking so? Come, now—be reasonable. Don't go for to make Michael mad again. Don't ye do it."

"Then let him——"

"Mark me," interrupted Patty, "don't ye do it. Let what will come, don't ye make him mad. Now come down to breakfast."

"Stay!" cried Rosalind, catching the woman by the sleeve. "Tell me what this means. I know that Ludder sent you to talk with me."

"Mercy!" uttered Patty, with surprise, "how cute ye be."

"Never mind. I know he sent you. Now what does he mean?"

"He hopes ye won't make him mad. He hopes ye'll mind him—and I hopes ye will, too."

"And he means to have me marry with Barber?"

"You know what he said last night, child."

"Yes—I do know. Is Mr. Barber in the house now?"

"No."

"Then I'll go down."

Michael Ludder was already at the table when Rosalind entered the kitchen, and he glanced up into her face with a searching look. He saw that she had been weeping, and that she was very pale; but he saw also that she wore a determined expression and that her eyes burned more keenly than usual. A secret sign passed between him and Patty, and after this his dark face assumed a stern, resolute look with a perceptible spice of malignity in it.

The meal passed off in silence, and when it was done Ludder went into his front shop. While Patty was busy with the dirty dishes, Rosalind cast her eyes about for something with which to remove the nails from her window. She could see nothing but an old iron wrench which the woman had used both for a hammer and poker. It seemed to have been originally used upon carriage wheels, and had been pawned, with a lot of other tools, by a needy mechanic. It was over a foot long, of wrought iron, and quite heavy. This would break the nails off, at all events, and the girl resolved to gain possession of it if possible. To this end she moved up to the stove, and finally succeeded in getting the wrench into her lap, beneath her apron. Next she got it into her pocket, and at length contrived to secure the upper end by her apron-string so that it could not fall out. As soon as possible after this she got away, and went back to her chamber. She found that she could not pull the nails out, and it would not answer to drive them in, for the noise would be sure to expose her; but after a great deal of labor she contrived to break them off by gradually working the end of one of the beveled jaws beneath them. When this was done, and she had found that the sash could now be raised, she hid the wrench under her mattrass, resolving, as she id dso, that if God spared her to see another night, she would make her escape from that place, even though death stared her in the face from without.

When it was almost dark Michael Ludder was aroused from a lazy slumber by a knock upon his shop door. He had been sitting behind his counter, all alone, waiting for that very summons, and he lost no time in answering it. The applicant was Gabriel Barber, Esquire, and when the door had been closed and re-locked, the two sat down upon an old settee which was placed in front of the counter for weary customers.

"I am not late, am I?" asked the lawyer, referring to his watch.

"No—just in time," returned Ludder. "Have ye got yer man?"

"Yes. He'll be here in fifteen minutes."

"*He's safe, ain't he?*"

"Never fear. He's one of my clients. I've cleared him from a few very bad scrapes. He's good."

"All right."

"And now look ye," resumed Barber, in a matter-of-fact way; "I want this thing all plain. I take the girl for her beauty, and run all risks——"

"She's a tough one," interrupted Ludder—"as independent as a hog on the ice. Lord bless ye, how she flared when I told her she must marry with you."

"Never mind that," returned Barber, with a vast amount of self-confidence. "Let me once have her so that I can call her mine, and I'll soon break her in. She won't carry a very high hand with me. But what I was coming at is this: Have I any other risk to run? Can any one make a fuss about it?"

"The girl has but one relative in the world, and he wants you to take her off. So you may rest easy on that score."

"You know this, do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I'm satisfied."

"Do you know when you'll start for the West?" asked Ludder.

"I mean to get off as soon as possible. There are good openings in that region for lawyers; and this girl will be just the ticket for me. Come to get her out there she'll soon calm down."

"Of course you'll see that she don't get any letters posted for home," suggested the pawnbroker.

"I shall attend to that, never fear."

Then Barber wanted to know what the girl had said when informed of the marriage, and Michael told him as well as he could, simply omitting some of the remarks which she had made touching her knowledge of the relations between himself and Patty. The lawyer smiled in his confidence; and then gave his attention to some little planning for the coming event.

Ludder was upon the point of suggesting that his friend's "man" was behind hand, when a rap was heard upon the door; and when it was opened the applicant walked in. He was a fat, red-faced fellow, with a free and easy swagger, and looked like one who had lived very fast. His garments, which were of ministerial cut and color, and well worn, withal, were so much too small for him, that a suspicious person might have thought them borrowed for the occasion. An immense white dickey stood up to his ears, and a yard or two of bleached muslin served him for a cravat.

"This is my friend, the Reverend Mr. Grimes," said Barber; "otherwise known as Bill Grimmon."

"Happy to see you, sir," responded Michael, shaking the new-comer by the hand.

"Very happy myself, sir," returned Bill, with a scrape and a bow.

"Your dress completely overcomes you, Bill," remarked the lawyer, with a smile.

"But it don't hardly come over me, though," said the fellow, with a glance at his closely-drawn unmentionables. "Still, I hope it answers."

"It answers capitally."

"A little tight, though."

"They'll think you've been fatting up."

"On a rich parsonage," returned Bill, laughing.

"Yes—and on blood-beets, too, from the color of your face," suggested Barber. "But let us arrange matters now, for you've got one of the principal parts to play to-night, parson."

While the trio were arranging their plans Rosalind was in the kitchen with Patty. She had offered to go up to her room twice, but the woman had detained her. She was upon the point of moving a third time, when Ludder entered, followed by Gabriel Barber and Mr. Bill Grimmon.

"Reverend Mr. Grimes, ladies," announced the pawnbroker.

"Ah—how d'ye do, Mr. Grimes?" said Patty, with a very reverent smile.

Rosalind felt a sharp bolt strike to her heart, but she was not without her senses. She gazed quickly up into the stranger's face, and in a moment she read his true character. She saw at a glance that he was not at home in the part he had assumed, and that he was as far from being a minister of God as any minister of Satan could be.

"This is my friend—the Reverend Mr. Grimes, Rosa," said Ludder, giving the girl a stern, threatening look.

Rosalind arose, and bowed, and then sat down again. She could not speak pleasantly, and she cared not then to speak otherwise; so she remained silent.

"I don't know that there's any need of waiting," the host remarked, after a short pause.

"No," returned Barber, rubbing his hands. "If the happy event is to be consummated, the sooner the better."

"You are right, my children," pronounced Mr. Bill Grimmon, with an immense dignity. "I am at your service, though I have little time to spare. My pulpit services have been tedious to-day, and have worn me somewhat. And then I have four funerals and three weddings to attend this very evening, after this one."

Barber gave his "man" a stern look, as though he would advise him not to spread it on any thicker.

"Fact," persisted Bill. "Small-pox ragin' awfully; and small-pox and love seem to run together this season."

"Never mind that now, parson. Let's have this work done."

"All right. I'm ready."

"Rosalind," spoke the pawnbroker, advancing towards her, "you know what I told you last night, and," he added, in a whisper, "you know what Patty told you this morning."

He gave her a look of such ugly, deadly meaning, that she shrank away as though from a serpent.

"Now we are ready," he continued. "The bridegroom is here, and the clergyman waits. Let us have no tragedy, I implore you. Come."

He seized her hand as he spoke, and pulled her from her seat. For a few moments she was so bewildered that she knew not what she did. Though she had read their purpose from the first, yet she had not expected such summary proceedings. She knew that she was led forward, and that Gabriel Barber grasped her by the hand. She knew that Patty whispered in her ear—"*Have a care for your life!*" and that she also supported her from behind. She saw the false priest before her, and she realized that he had begun to speak. He said something to Barber, and the latter said "yes" in reply. And then the red, bloated face was turned upon her, and she knew that he asked her if she would be this man's wife.

"No! no! no!" she shricked, breaking from Barber's grasp and springing back into the corner of the room, nearly overturning Patty by the movement. "Before God and these witnesses—*No!* False, perjured villain, no!" she cried, turning her flashing eyes upon Grimmon. "Miserable trickster, never!" she added, to Ludder.

"Go on, parson," said the lawyer, moving to the girl's side, and seizing her hand with an iron grip.

"Then, by virtue of the power in me vested, as a true minister, I hereby, and hereon, before these witnesses, most solemnly promise and declare—that you two are man and wife, now and forever more. S'elp me God. Which nobody can deny. Take notice, and ever after hold your peace."

With an extensive flourish Mr. Bill Grimmon wiped his brow, and sat down.

Rosalind gazed around upon the group with a wild stare, and when she had fully comprehended what had passed she sank back and covered her face with her hands.

"Here, darlin'," said Patty, moving to her side, and offering her a lamp, "take this and go up to your room."

Rosalind needed no second offer. She grasped the lighted lamp, and hurried away up the dark, dirty stairs. When she reached her own apartment the bell of the Old South was striking nine o'clock, and the storm was still raging without. She placed her lamp upon the table, and then went to the window, and partly raised the sash; but the wind and rain came driving in so furiously that she feared her light would be blown out, and she shut it again. But she shut it only for a while. The night was pitchy dark, and the rain fell in torrents; but she was resolved to make the venture. She would rather die in the cold embrace of the storm than——

Hark! There were footsteps upon the stairs. It was not Patty, for the step was too heavy. It could not be Michael, for the step was more moderate than any he ever took. The poor girl shrank away into the low corner in terror. She knew too well who was coming! But she remained there only a moment. Suddenly a convulsive spasm swept her face, and her lips were closed tightly upon her pearly teeth. With a single bound she reached the bedside, and quickly secured the heavy iron wrench which she had hidden there. As she did this the door was opened, and Gabriel Barber entered. There was a dark, devilish meaning in his look as he said—

"MY WIFE!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A WORD.

Consider what a word (or an action) is. It may appear a passing thing of a moment, but yet carry the seeds of the events of future years. Let no one think a word a light or insubstantial matter. Words are things, as much as if they had the weight of lead or gold. While a word can express the ideas of one mind, and raise ideas and excite to actions in another, it can never be justly held as mere breath, as common thinkers are ready to term it. Let words, then, be used with caution. Retain an offensive one, as you would abstain from shooting a poisoned arrow at a multitude. Upon the shutting of the lips may depend the comfort of many days to come. Why, then, oh, why should they, in such a case, be opened?

STAND FAST!

Under all the trials of life, *stand fast!* Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man—at the very best, but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength, of what they are capable, throw them overboard!—over with them! and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

MONEY VERSUS PISTOLS.

We had been "just too late" for everything, said my friend. We had been half starved, and half distracted by impatience. I determined to bear this no longer, so when we again started, I took my seat by the driver.

"I'm afraid we shall be too late for the train from Detroit," I remarked.

"I'm afraid we shall," returned the driver.

Though his words expressed fear, his manner didn't. I knew that he and all his fellows were in the pay of the hotel keepers along our way.

"Fire conquers fire," I thought. "I'll try an experiment with you, my boy." I then said—

"By my watch I see that we can get safe through, if we *try* for it. Now you put your horses to their speed, and I'll give you a dollar if we reach the next post inside of time."

"I'll do it if I bust!" was the spirited reply.

Out went the long whip, off scampered the horses, and we arrived in fine season at the next station. Here we took a new driver. I stuck to my seat on the box, and tried the almighty dollar on him with my former success. He had learned from his predecessor what to expect, and grinned broadly when I made my proposal.

"To be sure, sir, we'll go through, there's nothing like understanding things," he said. "Put in, old fellows," to the horses, which were in fine order, and well able to "go it."

The third time I repeated my experiment; and then, feeling that I had done about as much as I could afford to do, and thinking that we had made pretty good progress, I entered the stage. Now the jog-trot recommenced.

"What did you do to the drivers?" asked my companions. "While you was up there they drove like Jehu."

I explained the secret.

At this one man exclaimed—

"Let *me* out. I'll put you through and not pay anything either." And he exhibited pistols and a bowie-knife.

He accordingly took his turn on the box.

"Now," said he to the driver, "we all understand your game, but do you go ahead and get us to the next station in time, or I'll put daylight through you."

Jehu whipped up, and dashed ahead furiously.

"This *is* going," said the insiders.

But we didn't go long. Something gave way—or appeared to; and the driver was full twenty minutes fixing it. In spite of all the oath and curses of Pistol, he contrived to be *unavoidably* detained so many times, that we began to despair of our arrival.

"Get that fellow off the box, or we shall never get through," I said.

"Yes, get him off, and let me out; I'll pay my share now," said another passenger.

The change was soon accomplished; and now we went on prosperously to our stage journey's end. Arriving in Detroit an hour and a half before any of the other stages, and being the *only* stage passengers that were there in time for the train.

A. H.

ENEMY-MAKERS.

There are some children who seem as if they could scarcely move a step without breaking or spoiling something. Whatever of a fragile nature they lift or handle, they are sure to let fall or knock over. Whatever they attempt to do, they do ill, so that it would have been far better let alone. If introduced into a garden, their feet find it quite impossible to keep off the parterres, and their fingers to abstain from plucking the flowers. In the parlor, they are perpetually raising unearthly screams from cats and dogs, on whose toes, tails or feelings they have trampled, or setting up younger children than themselves into squalling fits, in consequence of pinches, cuffs and bruises which they inflict, to all appearance unconsciously. Wherever they go, their course is marked, like that of a hurricane, by the wreck and disorder which they leave behind. All ill luck seems to attend them in all positions and all circumstances, and so many and so bitter are the complaints which they give rise to, that one at length almost pities while suffering from them.

The enemy-makers are a class a good deal like this department of the juvenile world. We would define them as persons having an unfortunate aptitude, by word and deed, to give offence to their fellow-creatures, each of whom, so offended, becomes, of course, a deadly foe for life. Enemy-makers are often very meritorious persons. We have known them possessed of some of the most popular of the virtues, besides being clever and amusing. In their general conduct, and even in their general manners, there may be nothing exceptionable. But all this is of no avail against the leading peculiarity. Every now and then they commit some blunder or utter some speech which throws one of their neighbors into irreconcilable hostility. This person becomes, of course, a focus or center for the diffusion of unfavorable sentiments respecting the offender. He speaks ill himself, and engages as many friends to do likewise as possible. Thus, a single wry word will perhaps create a score of ill-speakers. It is needless to remark how these foci will at length become so numerous as to absorb nearly the whole of the offender's neighbors, leaving him hardly one who is willing to keep on fair terms with him.

LISTENERS.

Golden opinions are often to be gained by discreet silence. Some people delight exceedingly to hear themselves talk, but above all things are captivated with the respectful attention of a steady listener; and whoever has the patience to sit and hear them out (that is, not absolutely to wait until they stop of their own accord—for perhaps there is no well-authenticated instance of anything of that kind—but till something occurs to interrupt them), obtains their good-will far more certainly than if he had communicated to them a vast variety of important information, or taken a world of pains to correct their mistaken notions. A character for the most engaging modesty falls inevitably to the lot of him who possesses the power of holding his tongue; the praises of his discernment are everywhere sounded; nay, he often acquires a reputation for conversational abilities: it is true, with regard to this latter point, that doubts are sometimes expressed by some who have been whole nights in his company without hearing him utter more than a few syllables; but the interminable talker—the never-failing patron of silent gentlemen—forgetful of his own fame in his zeal for that of his client, declares that good talents for conversation do not consist in the multiplication of sentences, but in speaking succinctly to the purpose. Advantages more substantial than favorable regards do also frequently accrue to the possessor of this qualification; it were endless to recount how many large fortunes have been secured by persons, male and female, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees of kin, who day after day, for years, had the fortitude to submit their ears to the recital of the same stories and remarks from an old invalid bachelor relation.

MORNING.

BY ALICE CARY.

Wake, Dillie, my darling, and kiss me,
The day-break is nigh—
I can see, through the half-open curtain,
A strip of blue sky.

Yon lake, in her valley-bed lying,
Looks fair as a bride,
And pushes, to greet the sun's coming,
The mist sheets aside.

The birds, to the wood-temple flying,
Their matins to chant,
Are chirping their love to each other,
With wings dropt aslant.

Not a tree, that the morning's bright edges
With silver illumes,
But trembles and stirs with its pleasure
Through all its green plumes.

Wake, Dillie, and join in the praises
All nature doth give;
Clap hands, and rejoice in the goodness
That leaves you to live.

For what is the world in her glory
To that which thou art?
Thank God for the soul that is in you—
Thank God for your heart!

The world that had never a lover,
Her bright face to kiss—
With her splendors of stars and of noontides
How poor is her bliss!

Wake, Dillie—the white vest of morning
With crimson is laced;
And why should delights of God's giving
Be running to waste!

Full measures, pressed down, are awaiting
Our provident use;
And is there no sin in neglecting
As well as abuse?

The cornstalk exults in its tassel,
The flint in its spark—
And shall the seed planted within me
Rot out in the dark?

Shall I be ashamed to give culture
To what God has sown?
When nature asks bread, shall I offer
A serpent, or stone?

For could I out-weary its yearnings
By fasting, or pain—
Would life have a better fulfillment,
Or death have a gain?

Nay, God will not leave us unanswered
In any true need;
His will may be writ in an instinct,
As well as a creed.

And, Dillie, my darling, believe me,
That life is the best,
That, loving here, truly and sweetly,
With Him leaves the rest.

Its head to the sweep of the whirlwind
The wise willow suits—
While the oak, that's too stubborn for bending,
Comes up by the roots.

Such lessons, each day, round about us,
Our good mother writes—
To show us that nature, in some way,
Avenges her slights.

TWICE WOOED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Harriet Harland entered society at the age of seventeen. The winter that followed her debut was a succession of brilliant triumphs. She was a belle—a queen, and right regally did she bear herself through the season of triumph.

Hearts were laid at her feet in scores, and fortunes, and great names, but from the homage of admirers and the protestations of lovers she turned with equal indifference. Her untouched heart had no answering chord to thrill beneath love-tones, or the glances even more eloquent.

So passed her first season. She moved regnant in society until the close of the last ball, the excitement of her position sustaining her through all the fatigues of her unwonted dissipation. But when all was over, when the opera season was past, and the fashionables were all preparing for the new excitements of the summer, Harriet's parents observed with anxiety that she seemed languid and lost her fresh, rosy bloom, and girlish sprightliness.

They were alarmed. The family physician was consulted, and by his advice Harriet, instead of preparing for a summer's campaign at Saratoga and Newport, was sent, at the approach of spring, to the quiet home of her aunt, Mrs. Hope, in Rosedale.

Harriet was not well pleased with that which she chose to call her sentence of banishment. But when she arrived at Rosedale the little village looked so beautiful, and the cottage of her aunt so lovely and homelike in its unostentatious simplicity and real comfortableness, that she began to accept her sentence as not either unkind or unjust.

Mrs. Hope received her niece with such genuine kindness, her manners, in all their simplicity, were so refined and lady-like, that Harriet's heart and taste were equally gratified. Casting aside at once the little tinge of ill-nature which she had brought with her, she resolved, since she could not well prevent it, to be very happy in this pleasant retreat.

Harriet's rambles among the environs of Rosedale, her gardening, her rides upon the beautiful black horse which her father had caused to be procured for her gratification, soon brought back the roses to her cheek, roses that vied in brilliancy with those which grew beside every cottage and gave its fanciful name to the quiet village. Long before midsummer she felt and announced herself perfectly well, but still she had lingered amid the simplicities of her rural retreat, from which no accounts of the festivities of the world of fashion could lure her.

It was not until autumn when her father came purposely to fetch her home, that she reluctantly accompanied him to the city, parting from Mrs. Hope with many tears, and promises of another visit in the following summer.

But neither on the following summer, nor during a half-score that succeeded it did Harriet Harland again visit Rosedale.

That winter she again entered society, again reigned supreme, enthroned its sovereign queen. Again she was everywhere followed by admiration and heart-homage. Again she turned with indifference alike from praises of her grace and beauty, and from protestations of love; but now her manner had an icy scorn, her words a haughty tone and meaning, such as they had not conveyed in former times. Harriet had changed in spirit, and the influences which had brought such bounding health and abundant life to her veins, had also, it seemed, worked their effect upon her mind.

So still another winter passes, another, and another, with all the gaieties, the flirtations and the episodes of fashionable, nomadic summer life sandwiched between, and Harriet remained unmarried. Still beautiful, even more beautiful, more queenly and graceful in her ripening womanhood than in the early days of girlish triumph, still regnant, though the palm of bellehood had been often disputed by fresh debutantes, still followed by adulation, she moved on calm, cold, self-collected, indifferent and even haughty. Yet there were those who averred, from their own knowledge, that Harriet Harland possessed a warm, loving heart—"open as day to melting charity," full of gentle, womanly promptings, a treasure for him who yet should pierce the snows of her outer life.

But there were few who remembered, or cared to trace back this change, to date the commencement of this haughty reticence from the period of Harriet's sojourn at Rosedale. Let us go back and seek its cause.

Mrs. Hope, the aunt of Harriet Harland, was the widow of the clergyman who, after having ministered to the people of Rosedale many years, had died universally regretted. During his life, his wife had been his worthy and efficient coadjutor in his parish labors, and she shared with him the regard and respect of his people, which was due both to her association with him, and to her own qualities of mind and heart.

Still fresh and youthful in feeling, though the weight of three-score years had bowed her once erect form, and their snows were sprinkled upon her once lustrous, dark hair, there was no home in Rosedale where the young delighted more to gather, than that over which Mrs. Hope presided. It followed, therefore, that Harriet Harland speedily became acquainted with nearly all the youthful portion of the inhabitants of Rosedale, as well as with the elders who delighted to honor the widow of their former clergyman, for the sake of his beloved memory, as well as for her own virtues.

And here she met Arthur Hope, the nephew of the deceased clergyman. Pre-eminent, in the social gatherings of his native village, for his fine person and handsome features, it was more especially in private that the beauties of his rarely cultivated mind were apparent. And Harriet had frequent opportunities of studying him in public, and in the pleasant privacy of home. For to Mrs. Hope he looked for all that he would have sought from the mother he scarcely remembered—affection, sympathy, encouragement, rebuke and praise. Her house was his home, his resting-place, his shrine of the affections.

Mr. Hope had early detected the rare genius of the lad, and while he lived had directed his studies. At his death he secured to him a small income, with which, aided by the fruits of his own exertions, he had gained an excellent education, and, at the period of Harriet's visit, he had recently been admitted to the bar.

Arthur Hope's life had been an unceasing struggle. Absorbed in his studies, his hopes and his ambitions, he had found little time for society, and, with the exception of that in which he mingled in Rosedale, with all the freedom of his boyhood, he had seen none. As for love, he had scarcely thought of it, and all its experiences were yet to come.

When he met Harriet Harland, she seemed to him like a being of another sphere. Her speech, her manners, her movements, her dress, were all different from, and superior to, anything he had before seen. Grace surrounded her motions like the soft, faint perfume that she always wore, and she seemed as unconscious of one as of the other. She was, perhaps, no more beautiful than other girls—there were beautiful girls in Rosedale—but the air of fashion, of refinement, of high culture, the perfection of her dress, the elegant arrangement of her fine hair, the harmonious selection of colors that she wore, set off her natural charms to the utmost, and formed a strange contrast with the "beauty unadorned" of the rustic maidens among whom she now moved.

It would be a long story—one by no means strange, but, on the contrary, so common as to win no interest—were we to tell how surprise grew into admiration, admiration into trembling homage, and then, [illegible] in the simple life of Mrs. Hope's cottage removed the early awe of the first days of acquaintanceship, into intense and ardent love, that, for days and weeks, with all its passionate longings unuttered, filled and pervaded the life of Arthur Hope. All ambitious aspirations, all other hopes, desire for knowledge, and fame, and the world's praise, faded before this one great passion that consumed the ardent soul of this silent, calm-seeming man. Mrs. Hope, to whom, hitherto, every emotion of his heart had been patent, scarcely guessed this vital secret; to Harriet it was a shrouded mystery, enveloping her being in warmth and life, and all delicious influences, and itself carefully concealed.

Accustomed to homage and open admiration, she scarcely comprehended aught that was expressed by the delicate attentions bestowed upon her by Arthur Hope. She was strongly attracted toward him. His fresh, vital soul poured forth thoughts that were strangely in contrast with the vapid talk that bore the name of conversation in the circles in which she had been accustomed to move. He was one at whose feet she might sit and learn wisdom, as he longed to catch the inspiration of love from her eyes.

All unconsciously this haughty beauty fell a victim to the influences that surrounded her. She never dreamed of loving Arthur Hope—a poor man, with his foot scarce planted on the first round of the ladder of success. With life and its intensest struggles yet before him, and all to win or lose. And yet she did love him, long before he dared to tell in tremulous tones the story of his wild hopes and deep devotion!

And yet she heard this tale, one that sent the blood bounding through her veins with strange throbbing pulsations, one that flooded her soul with intensest joy, and wakened a response that left her no longer ignorant of the great mystery of woman's nature—her capacity for loving, in cold silence, heard her lover through, until he paused in the burning eloquence of his vows, and protestations, and entreaties, to look upon her face and seek his answer there, and then, in a half score of calm, scornful words, refused his love, refused him hope, and darkened his life!

That hour the two parted, and for ten years met no more! Both kept their secret, and none, not even those who sat at the same board, and mingled in all their daily lives, knew how those separate, yet longing, passionately longing lives had been influenced by the events of that hour of supreme hope, and joy, and disappointment.

Harriet was ambitious, and in the moment when, in listening to her lover, her own love was revealed to her, she shrank from the humiliation of loving one so lowly. The thought that she—the belle of society, the social sovereign at whose feet had been laid the homage of the wealthy and the great, should bend her proud neck to the chains of such a love was indeed humiliating. She summoned to her aid all the forces of her haughty nature, and in the few cold words she spoke, extinguished at once the happiness of two hearts. And so, while Arthur Hope, striving manfully with the terrible blow he had received, at length triumphed over the external effects of his disappointment, she buried in the depths of her heart all its passionate lamentations over its lost beauty and freshness, and strove and struggled vainly with its desolation. And this was why she turned so icily from the homage of other lovers.

Year after year passed on, and still Harriet Harland remained unmarried. Her splendid maturity at twenty-seven showed no signs of decay. Rare and constant culture had increased the beauty of her features, by adding the charm of ever-varying expression, as greatly as that of her mind. She disdained now the honors of bellehood, withdrew from general society, and moved in the intellectual coteries of her native city.

At this period she spent a winter in Washington. Here she was greatly admired and followed, and here, as elsewhere, she turned a deaf ear to all the solicitations of love.

It so chanced that Arthur Hope also passed that winter at the seat of government. He had turned to the pursuit of fame when disappointed in love, and the mistress of his new devotion had been kind beyond his utmost expectations.

His legal reputation had constantly increased with his years, and he had early identified himself in politics with the popular party, not because it was popular, but because its principles commended themselves alike to his judgment and his heart. Thus constantly winning honor and the confidence of the people, he had, on that winter, been elected to represent his district in Congress.

Harriet soon learned of his presence in the Capitol, long, even, before he knew that she also was there. She used to sit in the gallery and, herself concealed, watch the face of the man she still loved, and trace the fine lines that thought had chiseled, and the expression that told of sufferings subdued in a stern and uncompromising struggle. If he spoke, she listened with intense eagerness to catch each word. If he was silent, she was content to watch him, herself unseen.

Sometimes they were at the same party, but with careful avoidance on the part of the gentleman, they never met, though the names of both were on every tongue, and offers of introduction were constantly made.

At length Mr. Hope made his great speech—one for which the public had waited with intense anxiety, none more so than Harriet Harland. She was in her usual place at an early hour, and concealed behind the friendly shelter of her vail, she listened to the mightiest effort of that master-mind.

The breathless silence of absorbing interest told of his triumph as he proceeded, the golden periods of his eloquence rolled on, then came withering denunciations relentlessly logical, and then a brilliant peroration, at the close of which the orator sat down amidst a storm of applause, which all the efforts of the speaker could not, for many minutes, subdue.

Arthur Hope lingered a few moments, perhaps to enjoy his triumph, then breaking away from the congratulations of his friends, he left the hall. Exhausted by his long effort, and feeling that rest and quiet would soothe his excited feelings, he entered the library which, at that hour, was nearly deserted. Only in one of the alcoves sat a lady who, closely vailed, leaned upon a table, and was apparently unconscious of his entrance.

Not until he was passing her did she change her position. Then she turned. Her eyes met his, she rose hurriedly to her feet, and Arthur Hope and Harriet Harland had met again. Once more they stood face to face. Harriet had been weeping. Even now she blushed deeply, as she thought that this fact must be apparent; but she was always self-possessed, and she gave her hand to Arthur Hope, and spoke some simple but earnest words of congratulation.

He could not reply. His eyes were fixed upon her face, not so much in admiration of her splendid beauty, as in the search for something that would reveal her heart. Her hand he still retained in his, that trembled strangely. Not until she would have withdrawn it did he speak, and then but one word. But that word unsealed the recesses in either heart, in which [illegible] hopes had lain captive all those years.

"Harriet?"

There was a volume in the word, and the deep, questioning tone in which it was uttered. This time he did not look in vain to read her answer in her eyes. They were sheltered from all observation by the friendly alcove. So he drew her unresistingly to his heart, and, on those proud lips, he pressed the seal of his newly-acknowledged love.

They never parted more. Harriet remained in Washington all the winter, sharing and enjoying her lover's triumphs, while he, in turn, shared those she won in the world of society, yet both found their best pleasure in each other. In the spring, at the close of the session, they were married.

Arthur's career has still been marked with success. At the close of his Congressional term, he received a distinguished diplomatic appointment. His wife accompanied him to Europe, and won as much favor as he at the court to which he was accredited, her triumphs being social, as his were diplomatic.

Neither has ever repented the second wooing, nor regretted the day which made them one. And neither, perhaps, has regretted the early discipline of their disappointed hopes and their long struggle. Both have gained from it strength and power, and together they not only enjoy the fruitions of their assured and long-tried love, but of fame, and worth, and the world's homage.

HOW I WAS COMFORTED.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

I was yet among the breakers of my life—struggling, with strained nerve and sinew, not to go down in the sea of trouble. There was not a spot of brightness in my mental sky. I was an unhappy wife—a most wretched woman.

All this seemed strangely hard to me; for not then had I accepted the truth that life is but a discipline. But light and knowledge, patience and cheerfulness, came in time, and now they never leave me.

But then I sat in my costly home, murmuring at the utter emptiness of life, in respect to good or happiness. "For what purpose was I made?" I said, and wept. "No one needs me—I can make no one happy; and he who should be my friend and helper—who should encourage me in all useful deeds, and comfort me in all my sorrows—is my tyrant and tormentor. He will not love me himself, nor allow others to do so if he can prevent it. Of what use to any one is my life? What *is* the purpose of my living?"

As I said this, the door bell rang.

"Who is it, I wonder? I do not feel like entertaining callers; and if visitors come here, they are only a new means of mortification and distress to me. I don't want to see any one."

Thus I thought; but before I had opportunity to send down an excuse, my caller was at my open door.

It was a young woman, who, when I had said, "Walk in," entered, blushing and smiling.

"I hope madam will excuse me for coming up," she said; "I was so anxious to see you alone. Don't you remember Angeline?" asked the girl, looking earnestly in my face, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Angeline!" exclaimed I. "Certainly I remember her. But *you* are not Angeline—are you?"

"I hardly know, madam, whether I am or not. Sometimes I think it can't be possible that the happy girl who sings all day at her honest work, and who has so many friends, is the same miserable creature whom you found, drunken and starving, in the hovel by the swamp. But, after all, dear madam, I don't know who it is if it is not I. Oh! madam, you have been my salvation. I have come to tell you how I thank and love you; though never, never can I do anything to repay you——"

Here the excited creature fell upon her knees, and seizing both my hands, covered them with passionate kisses and with tears.

I let her mood have way; and then, making her lay her head upon my knee, I smoothed her abundant and glossy hair, and patted her flushed cheek, as kindly as if she had been my own young sister, while I told her how rejoiced I was at the change which had taken place in her.

Here the reader must be told how I had discovered poor Angeline.

My husband, who, in those years, was the terror and scourge of my life, had, by his conduct, one wet, chilly day, rendered it more doleful to me within doors than it was without; and I donned my walking-dress, and, umbrella in hand, went forth to seek for quiet and calmness in the bleak streets. Moody, abstracted, miserable, I wandered on, not at all heeding which way I went. I splashed through pools of water and mud-puddles, tripped against paving stones and other obstacles; but still I went on—thinking what a good thing it would be if I could be always out beneath the open sky—wishing that I were fitted so to dwell, wishing that I were a cow, or a sheep, or a robin, or that I were literally on my way to the celestial city, and had never got to retreat to the house from which I had issued; thought it would be just what would suit me to walk forward through storm and cold, until I dropped down to rise up immortal.

But from all these musings I was suddenly aroused by the screams of a child. Looking about me, I perceived that I had wandered to the outmost bounds of the town. Indeed, I had approached the edge of a vast swamp that lay south of us. Along near this swamp numbers of "squatters" had built rude cabins, and the place was populous with the half wild people, and vocal with the notes of infant voices. But one cry, peculiarly loud and distressing, came from the hovel nearest to me, and most remote from the cabin cluster.

I stepped to the doorless entrance, and looked within.

On the damp, earthen floor was stretched the form of a young woman—a mere girl she seemed—in the deep slumber, or rather stupor, of intoxication; and at the bosom of her ragged dress was pulling a child less than a year old. Its poor, little face was as dirty as possible, its bare feet and legs were purple with cold, and it was crying with a loud and bitter cry.

But the insensible woman remained motionless. Her hair, all snarled and matted, blew about with every puff of wind. Her feet were bare, her arms and neck uncovered, and the miserable rags that she wore were seemingly cemented by filth. An abject being, a woman fallen below the level of the brute that wallows in the mire, for even swine are not deaf to the cries of their young.

My first impulse was to retreat as fast as I was able from this wretched den, and go to send some one to look after the child; but the next one was to step within, and look closer at the prostrate woman. She had a [illegible] to which, even in the state in which she was, I saw a trace of beauty and interest.

"So young!" I thought, sorrowfully. "I wonder if she cannot be saved,"

I hated to touch the dirty baby, but recollecting that I was plainly clad, in garments that washing would not injure, I summoned courage, and lifting the poor little thing in my arms, went out.

Telling the people who gathered about me that I was going to carry the baby home, and feed and warm it, and that they must tell the woman, when she recovered her reason, to come to my house, in —— street, and I would return her child, I walked off with my poor, dirty little prize.

After giving the baby a thorough scrubbing in warm soap and water, and then rinsing him off till his little body fairly shone, I dressed him in clean, comfortable clothes, such as I was in the habit of making for the children of the poor. The child was really a pretty one, very bright-looking and playful. My first care had, of course, been to feed him, and now, when he found himself all snug and warm, in soft flannel and pretty muslin, he laid his little purified head against my breast, and fell into a sound and sweet sleep—the first really comfortable slumber that the poor little creature had ever enjoyed; so I afterwards discovered.

The next day, before my husband had been ten minutes gone from the house, the child's mother came. She was astonished at the sight of her changed baby; and, with streaming tears, thanked me for what I had done.

"I wish that me babe and me was dead, dear lady," she said, "for our life is so full of grief. The spirit is the only thing that gives me any relief: when I lie asleep I don't know nor care for the shame and trouble that have come upon me."

"Have you no friends—no husband?" I said.

"No, ma'am—there is never a one, now that me father is gone. That cabin was my father's, and my husband and I lived there with him till Mick was killed at a fire, and my father took sick and died. I had nobody to speak for me, and could get no place with the young child, too; so I sold all there was in the cabin for drink, for, indeed, ma'am, 'tis the only comfort of a poor creature like me."

I was touched more than I cared to show by the drooping attitude and the hopeless tone of the fair young outcast of life, for she was fair, even in all her rags and squalor.

"Will you try and be a good girl, and never drink any more, if I will get you a place?" I asked.

"Indeed and I will, good lady—*indeed* and I will. I tell you the truth that it is not the liking that I have for drink that makes me take it, but only for the trouble's sake."

"You don't want to go back to the swamp at all, do you?"

"No. I would be very glad never to set eyes on it more."

"Then come here." And I led her to the bath-room.

"Now wash you there—clean, remember—I must have you clean. Scrub yourself well—soap and soak your hair. See—here is a comb and a brush; don't be afraid to use them faithfully. I will bring you some clothes to put on. Every one of those rags you have on must be burnt; or you may wash them by-and-by, and they will do for the paper man. Now I'll get the things, and then leave you to make yourself fit to be seen."

The poor bewildered girl kept all the time courtesying and saying, "Yes, ma'am; yes, my lady, bless you," &c.

I soon hunted up some old, but warm and clean garments for the poor creature, and laying them on a chair, I locked her into the bath room to make herself clean.

In about half an hour, hearing her knocking, I hastened to open my captive's door.

I was mute with surprise at her altered appearance. So fresh, and clean, and pretty she looked, that I was tempted for a moment to doubt her identity.

"Well, you look much better than you did when I locked you in there. Now I will hear your name."

"Angeline, ma'am." Yes, this was Angeline. I procured her a place where she was allowed to have her child with her, and having my mind overburdened with other matters, the whole circumstance of her discovery passed from my thoughts.

But now she had come to tell me of her happiness.

She had lived most contentedly with the family in which I had placed her, until within about a week from this day, and now she was married to a worthy young man, and was going West with him to live on their own place. He was to have employment, if he wished it, from gentlemen who resided in the town to which they were going.

"And I am the happiest girl in all the world, ma'am, and it's all owing to you. I shall remember and love the very thought of you to the day of my death, and so will John. He would have come to thank you, but I didn't want him to know *how bad it was* when you helped me. Oh, my dear, dear lady, may the good Lord above bless you, and may I be permitted to see your face in Heaven."

When the girl had departed, I sat long in humble silence. Had not my sinful murmurs been signally rebuked?

This was but *one* thing that the Lord had done through me; and if he chose to place me here and to use me for such things, though they were not things which show to great advantage, as the labors of some do, should I any longer be dissatisfied and complaining? Should I not rather rejoice that He has caused me to suffer, since suffering sent me forth to seek and to save that which was lost?

The darkness was all gone. My soul rose up and sung as sings the nightingale. I had no one to rejoice with me, but I was able to rejoice *alone*, and to resolve that all future crosses and afflictions which befel me should be improved to the benefit of my own disposition and conduct, and to the good of whomsoever I could influence or help. Thenceforward, one by one my troubles faded and vanished, and now, thank God, I am walking (though under foot it is not always smooth) beneath a clear sky.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

It has sometimes been said that disobedience to parents is the beginning of all crime. If this is true—and to a great extent it undoubtedly is—how important that the habit of disobedience should never be formed! Beware, young reader, how you disobey the slightest command of your parents; for it will lead you to disobey others, and then to disobey the laws of your country and the laws of God.

Is it too much to require that you should obey your parents? Surely it is not; "for this is right." Is obedience hard? Then it is because it is not cheerfully rendered. It was not hard for Martin Luther to obey; for he could say, "I had rather [illegible] than work miracles." You can do nothing that will please and honor your parents more than cheerful and implicit obedience.

But obedience must be *prompt* and *cheerful*, or it ceases to be a virtue. He who always obeys with a sour countenance and angry words, is brother to the openly disobedient.

The case of Louis, Duke of Burgundy, presents a striking pattern of filial obedience. When a child, no threat or punishment was ever necessary to make him obey; for a word or even a look was sufficient. He was always much grieved when his mother seemed displeased with him, or spoke to him less kindly than usual. On such occasions, he would often weep, and say to her, "Dear mother, pray be not angry with me; I will do what you please." Happy the parent who has such a child.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution is a habit which creeps upon its victim with a fatal facility. It is not vicious, but it leads to vice, and many a fine heart has paid the penalty of it at the scaffold. Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster, which leads them to destruction with their eyes open. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with foul disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, like that by which small creatures are said to approach and leap into the jaws of the loathsome serpent, whose fiendish eyes have fascinated them. How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.

The number of bones in the frame-work of a human body is 260, 108 of which are in the feet and hands, there being in each 27.

The quantity of blood in adults is, on an average, about 30lbs., which passes through the heart once in four minutes.

Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing 120lbs. was dried in the oven till all moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to 12lbs. Egyptian mummies are bodies thoroughly dried; they usually weigh about 7lbs.

The lungs of an adult ordinarily inhale 40 cubic inches of air at once, and if we breathe 20 times in a minute, the quantity of air consumed in that time will be 800 cubic inches, or 48,000 inches an hour, and 1,152,000 inches in a day, which is equal to eighty-six hogsheads.

JERUSHEED, the founder of Persepolis, is by the Persian writers said to have been the first who invented wine, which, from the circumstances which led to the discovery, is this day known in Persia by the name of Jeher-e-kooshon, the delightful poison!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.

Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, paid a beautiful and just compliment to the harmony and perfection of our Government, consequent upon the intelligence and law-appreciating spirit of the American people. He said that the republics of South America could none of them compare in intelligence and dignity of legislation with the most obscure town council in New England; that the Congresses of those republics were inferior in knowledge of the rights of man, and the true principles of republican society and government, to any town-meeting that might be convened in this Union. And Mr. Webster did not exaggerate.

We are proud of the intelligence and wisdom of the men who gave us a Declaration of Independence, and framed for us the noblest constitution on record—but if our twenty-five millions of population were deprived of those instruments to-day, and of all knowledge of them, there is no corner of the Union where men could not be selected from the masses of the people, capable, by intelligence and appreciation of the rights and necessities of the whole people, of producing as noble charts of freedom as those given us by the patriots and sages of the revolution. The principles of republicanism and the light of intelligence are become as broad-cast as our population, and every American, almost, is fitted by instinct, education, and reflection, to legislate wisely for himself, and justly for his fellows.

We had proof of this wise, self-governing capacity of the American people, in the construction of our golden State, on the shores of the Pacific. We saw there a mass of Americans, led thither by desultory, adventurous impulse—most of them starting with no thought of political or social organization—suddenly awakened to the consciousness that, as a first necessity, they were the pioneers of a new society and government, in a new demi-empire, and acting in accordance, they turned their old home principles and intelligence to the work, and a State sprang forth complete at their touch. There was no experiment about it. They knew what they wanted, and accomplished *their desire without hesitation or doubt.*

So let Americans, gathered from every corner and nook of the Union, migrate to any space of God's earth—be it rich or barren—and liberty, order, justice and prosperity will as certainly be the fruit of their society and government, as that they make a settlement. Wherever they go, they carry declarations of independence and republican constitutions, in their instincts and ideas; in the very necessities of their nature. They can be trusted with their social and political destiny, on "sea-washed isles or wooded continents." They are freemen, and respecters of the rights and freedom of all men, and giving what they claim they resolve themselves into free government, and intelligent, law-abiding society, as naturally as they exist. Self-government, of a higher and nobler cast than kings or emperors have framed, is not only a possibility, but a principle and necessity with the American, wherever the lot of ruler and civilizer falls to his hands.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

The institution of the Sabbath, whether regarded as of human policy or divine ordinance, is one of the most beautiful and blessed inheritances of man. It has a divinity in its adaptation to the material necessities of our race—as a day of rest, in which to refresh and recreate the wearied energies of the body—but the higher divinity lies in the divorce it brings to the spirit from the pursuit and care of temporal and corrupting things, leading it to a clearer and nearer contemplation of God, its relations to the immaterial, and its destiny beyond this fleeting life. Its periodical frequency grasps the soul in firm bonds, and hemming it around with associations in unison with its acknowledged sacredness, has done more to discipline the mind, and purify the heart of society, than all the problems of proud and shifting philosophy.

Like the sublime lessons of Christ, the Sabbath contains the profoundest proofs of its origin in the wisdom and goodness of God, in its common acceptance by enlightened men, and the fulness of satisfaction it gives to his soul-and-body longings. Between nations and races who observe, and those who do not observe the Sabbath, there is drawn a line, on the opposite borders of which, alike, rest the evidences of its beauty and beneficence. On the Sabbath-side are civilization, intelligence, industry, art, science, peace, and prosperity—man elevated truly and nobly in the image of God. On the other side are barbarism, ignorance, superstition, war, and misery—man degrading the image of God.

The Sabbath is not arbitrary nor conventional. The more intelligently it is observed, the more necessary, harmonious and beautiful it appears; and its temporal economy, however great, becomes secondary and insignificant contrasted with its spiritual good. Let any man, let any philosopher contemplate the obliteration of the Sabbath, and see what a picture society must soon present. Philosophy tried the experiment once, with one of the most intellectual and philosophical of nations, and the result of the trial taught the world that man, cut loose from the Sabbath, is cut loose from God. Atheism, itself, denying God, has eulogised the institution of the Sabbath as the fruit of supreme wisdom. As members of a Christian community, we have all witnessed and felt the elevating influence of this Day of days, and can need no special argument to commend its reverent observance.

MEASURE OF MANHOOD.

No impression of society is more false or fatal to true manhood, than that which measures a man's worth by the field of labor he occupies, so long as that labor is useful and honest—and no dishonest toil can be useful. The nobility of man in this country does not depend on wealth, birth or title. Nor does it take color from the *nature* of his profession, but rather from the *spirit* which animates him—the spirit by which, with or against the smiles of temporal fortune, he shapes his career among his fellow-men. He is a truer man who turns chimney-sweeping to an honest, independent account, than he who, scorning the rough toils of the humble and needy, is willing to live an idler—however proudly caparisoned—upon the industry of others.

Now and then we hear of "the most respectable classes," and find on examination that this respectability is credited to peculiar professions and labors. What could be more offensive to that spirit of republicanism which discards the theory of "divine rights," and special nobilities of blood and caste? Yet this sentiment of distinction exists and increases amongst us. We see it in manifold displays of a pseudo-aristocracy, who, glorying in the possession of superior wealth, won, most likely, by the hard-handed industry and prudence of a former generation, or by some successful speculation, look down with vulgar scorn upon men who eclipse them in all the attributes of manhood. That man is base, who fails to remember with pride a noble-minded or noble-acting ancestry, but baser is he who seeks to hide his own meanness or weakness under the mantle of reputable forefathers. The proudest coat of arms ever graven on a man's shield, or fitted to his shoulders, is the homespun coat won by honest toil. Subtract from the world's history the record of such toil, and the earth is stripped of its most substantial glories. The patent nobilities have done little more than to rust and corrupt the fruits of heroic labor.

What matters it whether one carry the hod or the plumb-line—whether one mixes the mortar or handles the trowel—so long as each is essential to human welfare? Not that we would have any man seek a lower grade of toil, if a higher be at his command. What we hold is that the shepherd and plowman are as noble in their place, as is the Secretary of State in his. To the working-man—and he who toils not usefully is a drone among men and an abomination in the sight of God—we have but few words of advice. Heed not the false sentiment that would deny you dignity or respectability, because your labor soils your hands and swarths your brow. Better have soiled hands and swarth brow, than the corrupt heart and vicious brain of the two extremes of society who prey on your labor—the vagabonds of the gutter, shameless in their mendicity and crime, and the vaunted aristocracy, whose wealth hides their corruption from the public sight. Aim high with honest purpose, holding a true soul better than gold, and the approval of conscience sweeter than the world's flattery, and you will triumph even in the humblest vocation. Your daily labor shall not be the gauge of your manhood, for you will have over and above that, for self-communion and for society, a heart and brain which are not tied to, nor bound up in, the toil of your hands.

A CONSOLATION.

In one of his letters from this city to the London News, Dr. Mackay, of whose blunders and inaccuracies we have already had occasion to speak, expresses surprise that torch-light processions and firemens' parades are allowed without an armed police or a military regiment following them, and that no revolution of any sort, nor even a riot, should result from such "recklessness."

Dr. Mackay is not the first foreigner who has been taken aback by phenomena of "popular sovreignty" such as these. Nor is it wonderful that he should have been taken by surprise, coming as he did from a country where the cartridge-box is so much more relied on than the ballot-box, to the very reverse of what obtains in this country.

Foreigners are constantly giving proof that they do not begin to appreciate the genius of our institutions. Hence a prediction of the "dissolution of the American Union" is sure to precede, in the London Times and other journals, every Presidential election. And, the election once passed without "disunion," and the people once more amicably returned from their caucuses to their counting-rooms, from the polls to their plows, from the manufacture of votes to the manufacture of viands, and from pretended "pipe-layings" to actual ones, these disinterested editorial critics are utterly confounded, and perhaps a little disappointed!

Now, the secret of our safety lies in the self-regulating habits of our people. Amid their intensely earnest pursuits, they cannot afford to devote more than a day or two, now and then, to politics. Thousands of them would hardly stop to read the news, if Congress were to break up in a row, to-morrow! And, as for that far off bugaboo, a "dissolution of the Union," Dr. Mackay would scarcely be able to see any popular evidence of its consummation, were he here when it took place!

The truth is, our people are learning to depend less and less on lawmakers and law-executors, and more and more on themselves, thus fulfilling the scriptural idea of becoming "a law unto themselves." This is the constant tendency, whereof all good people should be glad, while they take consolation therein, however much political demagogues may regret and decry it, in their chagrin at seeing the sceptre of power gradually returning, practically, to the people!

THE WORLD GROWS BETTER.

It is constantly being said and published that "the world is degenerating," that "men are less honest than formerly," etc., etc.; but it is not so. The world is growing better. There is more probity, charity, truth, and goodness in the world now than ever before. But owing to the omnipresence of newspapers, the crimes of society are now more talked of, and a knowledge of them more widely diffused, than heretofore, and on this account there *seems* to be more crime now than in the olden times. Suppose there was not a paper or periodical published in America! Crime might than increase a hundred-fold, and we should not hear so much about it as we do now. And in past ages crime could be committed without exposure, or comment, or permanent record, except in comparatively a few cases, whereas now it is speedily brought to the broad light of universal publicity.

THE RED PETTICOAT.

What has become of this interesting garment, which was to be worn visible to the naked eye? Has no damsel of this city the courage to put it on and walk our streets in the face of the noon-day sun and the promenaders? Are the immortal "ten thousand" that we were long ago told had been made in the highest style of art to hang forever in the closet, or at best waste their brightness in the boudoir's air?

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

"A mother" wishes me to express my views upon the expediency of sending young girls away from home, to boarding-schools.

I have already done so in the LEDGER. My voice has always been for keeping young girls under the immediate supervision of their own mothers, under the parental roof. I object to a young girl being obliged to share room, bed and wash-bowl with a stranger, of whom no teacher can know what is most necessary to be known. I object to a mother delegating to any person the physical and moral supervision so indispensable at an age when girls are generally sent from home to school. I object to the license allowed, or if not allowed, stealthily taken, by young girls at boarding-schools, in forming promiscuous acquaintances. I object to insufficient, huddled, close sleeping-rooms, and democratic hair brushes and closets; I object also to a formal procession of girls, headed and flanked by a teacher, taking exercise (?) at the usual funeral pace. I object to insufficient food, and stolen confectionery to make up the deficiency; and I had rather a daughter of mine would grow up a double-headed dunce, than send her spine to be crooked at any such "finishing" establishment.

There may be cases—for instance, that of a widower, who has no home for his daughter but a hotel or boarding-house, from which his business makes him, most of the time, necessarily absent—in which the choice of two evils may lean toward the boarding-school, but I never could, and never can conceive, how any good mother in her senses could willingly send away her young daughter from her side at so critical an age, whether regarded physically or morally.

I believe that there are teachers who, with the best intentions, strive conscientiously to perform their duty; but I have never yet attended a boarding-school or visited one, where I should be willing to leave a daughter of mine, nor will I believe that a mother who really seeks the highest welfare of her child, will content herself with trusting to a laudatory circular, with a string of high-sounding names, packing her child's trunk, and paying the term bills when due.

There is great waste of time and money at such establishments, of which parents, by reason of culpable ignorance and carelessness, know nothing, and if *they* do not care, why on earth should the teachers? There is great harm done by bed-room conversations prolonged late into the night (don't talk to me of "rules"), of which the teacher knows nothing; and out of twenty girls who may be unexceptionable, the twenty-first shall be the infected sheep who shall taint the whole flock, and what teacher is to know this, if outward proprieties are observed? There are correspondences carried on with the male brothers, cousins and uncles of roommates, not down in the high-sounding circulars. There is, in all boarding-schools that I have known, great strictness in minor matters, which appeal to the public eye, and culpable laxness in points far more vital. There is great favoritism to the children of distinguished or wealthy parents, and cutting neglect to the ill-starred child of obscurity. There is a constant premium for eye-service, and bold, shallow assurance, and little or no encouragement for timid, unobtrusive conscientiousness. And lastly, the usual closing public school examination is about as true a test of scholarly ability, as the perfume of a hot-house blossom is proof of the capability of the plant to endure the variations of out-door temperature.

FANNY FERN

SLANDER.

Of all monsters of human birth, open or masked, that go up and down the earth, slander is the chiefest. Oftener hatched of idle depravity than of active malice, it is in every form an assassin's dagger. Perchance no living soul has escaped its thrust—so universal is it. It fears not the high, and scorns not the low. Everywhere its withering venom spreads, embittering the world's heart, poisoning the world's life, and enkindling hate and feud. Devilish child of the unbridled tongue, what pangs, what agonies, what remorse hast thou begotten. Oh, tongue! that canst whisper so sweetly of love—that canst burn with the fires of friendship, and flame with the eloquence of mercy and truth—that canst thrill the soul with delights, and consecrate it to all that is beautiful and holy, why wilt thou forever defile thyself with the demon's curse, the serpent's hiss! Angel one moment, and vampire the next! Agent of God, and yet hell's most infamous servitor! Oh, tongue, that art so capable of good, and yet so prone to evil—that canst bid live, and yet must kill! But for slander, peace might dwell among men—the living happy, and the dead unharmed. But for slander—ah, the poet named thee well—

"Slander, the foulest whelp of sin!"

"Gossip" art thou in thine infancy, stirring up rancor and bitterness in neighborhoods; in thy fullness, thou art a black, blasting "lie." All men hate thee and scorn thee, and yet to all thou art "a sweet morsel on the tongue." Who can answer for this anomaly—who explain it? Blessed be the tongue that speaketh praise and truth; accursed forever be the tongue that uttereth falsehood and slander!

THE INFLUENZA.

For some time past inflamed eyes, raped throats, chapped lips, and exasperated noses have been quite the rage in New York, and sneezing the chief pastime of all classes. High and low, rich and poor, rough and refined, have to bow their heads to the explosive visitation. Every grade of sneeze may be heard in the street and in the parlor, from the zephyr-like "ishee" of the die-away belle, to the reverberating "horashow" of the robust and above-board sneezer. Even our speech has been changed by this influence, all our *m*'s having turned to *b*'s, our *n*'s to *d*'s, our *ng*'s to *g*'s, and our *s*'s to *z*'s. The enraptured lover who in his enthusiasm intends to exclaim, "My dear Mary, sing me the sweet song of Nelly Mory," is horrified at hearing his husky voice rasp out, "By dear Bary, zig me the zweet zog of Delly Bory," and sneezes with vexation. Every nose has to undergo that extremity of nasal insult—pulling, with a frequency that sooner or later brings a permanent blush of indignation to its very tip.

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

A certain clique of city officials were greatly shocked a few evenings since by a report that one of their number had probably been fatally injured (in their estimation) by the accidental discharge of—his duty. The delinquent was at once hunted up and expostulated with on his eccentric course, but on convincing his fellow officials that the doing of his duty complained of was a matter of sheer accident, and on promising to be more careful in future, he was once more restored to the confidence of the public (plunderers).

TIME, FAITH, AND ENERGY.

Perhaps there never was a period in our history, when greater necessity existed for the exercise of the recuperative energies of the people and of the country, than at the present moment. Thousands have been injured by the vicissitudes of trade and the change of fortune. The rich have become poor, and the independent have lost their means of support. Many under such circumstances are disposed to despond. They fear that their chances have gone by, that the tide in their affairs has been at its flood and is subsiding, and that the future has little hope or no encouragement for them. Not so, however, in a country like ours, if they possess health and energy. Ingenuity, industry, and perseverance, "time, faith, and energy," will accomplish much. Some of the most eminent men that ever lived were comparatively obscure in early life. Adversity not only tested their energies, but it roused and excited their minds. They saw the necessity of an extraordinary struggle; and nerving themselves to the trials and temptations of life, they rushed on boldly, and in most cases with success. The truth is, that experience, although a severe, is a most excellent task-master. No one knows better how to enjoy wealth than the individual who has acquired it through the sweat of the brow. Few understand the real mutations and the true philosophy of life, who have not seen the air-blown bubbles of youth and hope fade away as they attempted to clasp them, who have not realized much of the disappointment and vexation to which human flesh is heir. It is only by trial that we feel the spirit of manhood within us, and with a moral courage, worthy a lofty and intellectual nature, determined not to be intimidated by a single blow of misfortune, or be disheartened because clouds and darkness occasionally obscure the prospect.

Again, then, we say to those who have suffered, or are suffering from the mutations of fortune, be not cast down, do not despair. Gather a lesson from some of the frail but green and glorious vines, which, born in darkness and obscurity, spring forward and court the sunshine and the light, as essential to their existence. The gloom of to day may serve but to prelude the glory of to-morrow. The thick cloud which hovers above, and darkens our path, may soon pass away and give place to blue skies and golden sunshine. The worst, we feel satisfied, has gone by. The FUTURE should not be disregarded, for in that future, with the proper faculties, animated by the proper motives, and pursuing steadily and vigilantly laudable objects, contentment, peace, and prosperity will assuredly be found.

THE LANDLORD.

The most independent man in the world, in so far as means of livelihood can render one independent, is he who owns, free from debt, soil sufficient to grow food for himself and those dependent on him, and such surplus of product as will exchange for those necessaries which he cannot gather from his soil. Trade may desert a man, money may take to itself wings and flee away, and the keenest wits may fail to accomplish a livelihood—leaving one to hazard, want and dependence—but only as a possible exception to well-established rule, will the faithful earth refuse its bounty to the hand that diligently tills it.

The landlord is the true lord; he can, with his own labor, compass meat, drink and clothing; he can *command* comforts and luxuries, whether trade, manufactures and the arts, flourish or not. The humblest farmer, who is intelligent, industrious and true to his calling, is more independent and sovereign than any king. He is insured plenty by the unfailing laws of providence. Not once hardly in the life-time of the farmer—averaging his class—does it occur that the seasons fail of seed-time and harvest. The soil eternally answers to the labor and wants of man, and it is the only source to which he can look, with certainty, for those blessings which render man most independent.

Yet, how few in proportion to their whole number, are satisfied with the farmer's lot. They look abroad upon more showy pursuits with an envious eye. The good they possess is disparaged by a certainty and continuance that become monotonous and wearisome. They thirst for a more venturesome and speculative field, little caring that fewest wrecks occur in the furrow of the honest plowman. If they were wiser and could feel themselves what the poet describes:—

"A happy peasantry, a nation's pride,"

they would cling to the spade and sickle as more regal than kingly sceptres. Happy and rich may he count himself, who is possessor of land from which he can gather his livelihood, with a surety unknown to any other class of men.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

It is seldom that one sees so much valuable matter as the following lines contain, comprised in so brief a space. Every little grammarian just entering upon the mysteries of syntax, will find it highly advantageous to commit the "poem" to memory, as by so doing many a "black mark," and perhaps many a flogging, will be avoided, for with these lines at the tongue's end one need never mistake a part of speech.

1. Three little words you often see,
   Are Articles—*a*, *an*, and *the*.
2. A Noun's the name of anything,
   As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
   As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
   Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.
5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
   To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
   As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
   As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.
8. The Preposition stands before
   A Noun, as *in* or *through* a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   As *oh!* how pretty—*ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

STAND FROM UNDER.

Louis Napoleon seems to be going insane. Within the last two months he has so acted as to excite the distrust of all the European governments in his sagacity, and in his ability to weather the storm now so evidently brewing in his dominions. His attempt to coerce the British government into acting the part of policemen for himself has raised a tornado of wrath and ridicule among the plucky population of the fast-anchored isle; and the London Times with its terrific editorials, and Punch with its ridiculous cuts, are fast bringing the "Emperor" into general contempt. Nothing is so potent with Frenchmen as ridicule; and the moment the nation begin to laugh at Napoleon, his power will fall. Like his great Uncle, he trusts to *force* alone to sustain his government, and, like that Uncle, he will suddenly go down in remediless defeat.

THE total loss of property by fire in this city during the year 1857 was $428,266; a small sum, certainly, for such a large and go-ahead city.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

IN one of our large cities, a ruffian, recently, without the slightest provocation, fired a pistol, with apparently deadly intent, at a fashionably-dressed lady. The bullet passed though the huge crinoline, but didn't touch the lady within. "Hang it," said the fellow, "I might as well shoot at random into the top of a big tree, in the expectation of hitting a small squirrel, hidden away among the branches!"

"FELLOW," said an offended and very plain-looking patron, "I shall lend you my countenance no longer." "Why, bless you, sir, if I had such a countenance as yours, I should be willing and anxious not only to lend it, but to give it away to the first simple individual that I could get to take it."

A HIGHLY respectable eastern editor says to his readers—"Have you heard Mr. H. lecture on Temperance? If not, you have missed a fine treat." Only let it be distinctly understood that all who go to hear Mr. H. lecture will have "*a treat*" upon the occasion, and the crowds will no doubt be immense.

IF we add to our pride what we cut off from less favorite faults, we are merely taking our errors out of one pocket to put them into another. "My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

GILBERT STEWART, the celebrated portrait painter, is said to have, once upon a time, met a lady in the street in Boston, who hailed him with—"Ah! Mr. Stewart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Stewart, "it was not like me."

ONE of the daily papers gives an account of the vicious pranks of an infuriated bull in one of the streets of New York city. We should think that, since the late financial troubles in New York, enraged "bulls" must be too common a sight there to attract much attention.

A NOTORIOUS individual in the West recently tied a rope around his neck with the avowed intent of hanging himself. He is now said to be a candidate for office. We beg him to elect himself by all means to the office of *recorder*.

AN INFERENCE.—A man, being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that district. He concluded it must be all moonshine.

"SIR," said a burly fellow, of no enviable character, "I have the largest neck of any man in the city." "Very likely," said his neighbor; "and I saw yesterday the largest rope in the city—put that and that together."

A POOR poet, just as he finished a favorite production at midnight, suddenly exclaimed in ecstacy, that he felt his head surrounded by a blaze of glory. He was not long in realizing that his hair had caught fire.

A CONTEMPORARY says that we "display to admiration how many different ways there are of calling a man a scoundrel." Well, in this, we are not so bad as those who display how many different ways there are of *being* one.

"IT is extremely disagreeable to me, madam," said an ill-natured old fellow, "to tell you unpleasant truths." "I have no doubt, sir, that it is extremely disagreeable to you to tell truths of any sort."

"SIR," said an uneducated politician to a gentleman, who dissented from one of his opinions, "I shall read you out of the party." "You will have to go to school before you can do that," was the reply.

"I WOULD have you know, my friend, that I speak from a knowledge of the truth." "Oh, yes, fully a thousand miles from the slightest knowledge of it."

HE who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

A FRIEND, who recently returned from Washington, in reply to a question as to where he had been, replied, "I have been after an office and got the *refusal* of it."

WHEN some men complain of being always abused by knaves and villains, we are involuntarily reminded of the old maxim—two of a trade can't agree.

A JOKER upon sad facts says that divers of our banks, like the Atlantic telegraph cable, have become embarrassed in "paying out," and broken.

AN incorrigible old maid, living upon slender means, cut the acquaintance of a friend because he advised her to "economize" her resources.

"IT is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female musquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all "curious."

TAKE all sorrow from life, and you take away all true wealth, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

A FELLOW at Patterson, N. J., drank two quarts of whiskey on a wager, and has been insensible ever since. He certainly wasn't sensible before.

LIGHTNING rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

THE sort of spare-rib that a man generally most dislikes is perhaps a skinny wife.

IT has been said that pantaloons obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named Thomas Kelly was recently convicted in the Superior Court at Walton, Ga., of having occasioned the death of his wife by cold and starvation during the severe winter of 1856. He had kept her shut up in a miserable pen for seven years, on a charge of insanity, during which time she went nearly and sometimes quite naked, had only straw to lie on, and was fed on repulsive and insufficient food. Thus she suffered, until, one terribly cold morning of that terrible winter, she was found before her husband's door on her hands and knees, frozen stiff.

IN a village of Massachusetts a hen-house was entered a few nights since and robbed of its contents. The owner, on going into the hen-house on the following morning, missed his feathered tribe, but on the floor found a wallet containing *sixty dollars* in current bank notes, and the *name* of the man to whom it belonged. It is said that the loser of the wallet, who passes for a respectable and honest citizen, has not yet reclaimed his money.

THERE are said to be several gangs of free-lovers in the interior of this State, who are going ahead on the new principles in a most enthusiastic manner. One great drawback to the permanent prosperity of all these "associations" arises from the fact that as soon as they get a fair sum in the treasury, the treasurer runs away with it. They can never make headway unless they get some one who does not believe in their doctrines to take care of their funds.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is reported to have made arrangements to travel north into the British possessions, early in the Spring, with as many of his deluded followers as will accompany him. Great numbers of the women are said to have become disgusted with Mormonism, and will not follow the saintly Brigham if there is adequate protection afforded them against the brutality of their tyrannical masters.

A LITTLE boy named Steitz, whose parents reside in First Avenue, was amusing himself a few days since by thrusting the poker into the grate of the stove until the end of it became red hot, and then taking it out and flourishing it about his head, and at last in one of his flourishes he hit an infant sister in the eye with the glowing iron, and instantly destroyed its sight.

THINGS have come to such a pass in Mexico that it seems to be absolutely necessary for some competent government to take possession of that country, and it is rumored that the United States will probably soon fall heir to all the territory between our present southwestern boundary and Guatemala.

AS Mr. John Barry, of Nashville, Tenn., was fencing, a short time since, with his son, a mere youth, the point of the latter's foil by an accident pierced his father's head just over the eye, inflicting a mortal wound. The unhappy man died after lingering a few days, leaving the son who had so unfortunately killed him frantic with grief.

THE "gift enterprizes" of this city are rapidly dying out, since it has become known by country people that the getters-up of them are mostly swindlers. If people would only reflect for a moment they would soon learn that they cannot get *something* for *nothing*.

ELEVEN divorces were granted by the Supreme Court of Vermont at its recent session in Rutland county. In two of the cases the cause for the divorce was "intolerable severity" *on the part of the wife.*

THE leaders of the fashions in Paris have commenced enlarging the bonnet. The small wits will now be deprived of the small bonnet as a target for their ridicule.

A DROVER not long since arrived in Albany from the West, with *twelve thousand head of cattle!*—the largest drove ever brought to any market

THE UNION.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

"THE UNION—it must be preserved."

Dissolve the Union!—let the blush of shame
Hide, with its crimson glow, the brazen cheek
Of him who dares avow the traitorous aim.
'Tis not the true, the wise, the good, who speak
Words of such fearful import; but the weak,
Drunk with fanaticism's poisonous wine,
And reckless of the future, madly seek
To hold their saturnalia at the shrine
That noble souls have held, and still must hold, divine.

Dissolve the Union!—madmen, would ye rend
The glorious motto from our country's crest?
Would ye despoil the stars and stripes, that lend
Home, food, protection to the world's oppressed?
Have ye no reverence for the high bequest
That our immortal sires bestowed erewhile?
Has sin defaced the image God impressed
On your humanity, that ye could smile
To see the lurid flames of Freedom's funeral pile?

Dissolve the Union!—in the day, the hour,
Ye rend the blood-cemented tie in twain,
The fearful cloud of civil war will lower
On every old blue hill and sunny plain,
From torrid Mexico to frigid Maine,
And men will arm, and strange new banners wave,
And pallid women look on kindred slain:
Brothers will battle, and the life-blood lave
The threshold, noble sires and husbands died to save.

Dissolve the Union!—no, ye cannot part
With idle words the blessed ties that bind
In one the interests of the mighty heart
That treasures up the hopes of all mankind.
A while, perchance, the blind may lead the blind,
And men may follow phosphorescent light
From beaten paths to quagmires, ere they find
The ray that shone so beautiful and bright,
Was but a phantom-lure to deeper, darker night.

Dissolve the Union!—never! Ye may sow
The seeds of vile dissension o'er the land,
That men may reap in sorrow; ye may show
The world your disregard of all its grand,
Eternal interests; but a noble band
Of patriots, tried and true, will still remain,
With heart to heart, and sinewy hand to hand,
To guard, from foul dishonor's cankering stain,
The jewels God has shrined in Freedom's holy fane.

Dissolve the Union!—no, destroy the page
That gives to human sight the hideous scrawl;
Let not the freemen of a future age
Read these detested words; they would recall
Shame, madness, imbecility, and all
That mars the noon-tide glory of our time.
True to the undivided, stand or fall;
To waver now is little less than crime—
To battle for the right is glorious, is sublime!

Geneva, Switzerland, February, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PETER MANGLES SEES "LIFE" AT "THE CROWN AND MAGPIE."

Nothing but the strong affection that Peter Mangles entertained for Rachel and her daughter Mary would have urged him to the desperate step he had taken. The interest he felt in George Hoffman alone would not have induced him, for during his long residence in London, he had never yet set foot in a public house of the class of the "Crown and Magpie;" in fact, he regarded such places with a feeling of horror, as dangerous and unbusiness-like, and had as little idea of the society to be met with in them, as a City porter would have of the company at one of her Majesty's drawing-rooms.

In London, thousands, we are happy to say, may still be found who resemble him—who look upon life as a sacred trust, perform its duties conscientiously, and pursue the even tenor of their way silently and unostentatiously, without ever dreaming that there is anything either singular or meritorious in their conduct.

Society resembles a stream; the under-current will generally be found the clearest and the purest.

When the cab drew up, the old clerk stepped out with an air far less resolute than he had worn on entering it—like an untried soldier at the moment of action, he was not without certain, or rather uncertain, misgivings. First he regarded the gaudy parti-colored lamp over the door, next the flaming gaslights in the window, then listened to the voices of those within, some loud in anger, others indulging in the maudlin sensibility produced by gin.

"Eighteen pence," said the driver, extending his hand to him.

"Perhaps you had better wait for me," replied his fare, hesitatingly, for he half repented his rashness.

The man eyed him for an instant, considered the respectability of his greatcoat, the quality of his well-brushed hat, and the green silk umbrella Peter carried in his hand. Satisfied on these points, he touched his hat, to intimate that it was all right.

With desperate courage the old clerk pushed open the door, which a leathern strap held partially back, and entered the bar.

The landlady, decked out in her usual finery, was actively engaged in serving the numerous customers that thronged the place, consisting of the young of both sexes: boys just entering on a career of vice and dissipation, which they mistook for proofs of manhood, spirit and independence; girls whose home was now the streets, and who could endure anything but the recollection of that earlier and better home they had abandoned—their girlhood's years and blighted promises; husbands and fathers, who had pale, anxious wives, and hungry children waiting their return, wondering if they would bring them bread; gray-haired men, and women, too, in whom all memory of the past and self-respect were equally a blank—who retained little of humanity save its form, and even that so sullied and degraded, one might have imagined the demon of Drunkenness had taken up his abode in the ruin he had made. He glared through the portals of their eyes—in some was seen slumbering, in others half drowned with listless apathy.

Peter Mangles looked hurriedly round him, for he had never mingled in such a scene before. Gathering courage, however, from the motives which had brought him to the place, he advanced to the counter, and raising his hat, asked timidly for a glass of ale.

There was a general titter at such an unusual display of politeness.

"Hot or cold?" demanded the woman, pretending to misunderstand him.

"Ale, if you please, madam."

The glass was filled.

"How much?"

"Twopence."

The old clerk took some halfpence, carefully screwed up in a piece of paper, from his pocket, and counted out the sum.

"I shall be very happy to drink your health, sir," observed a shabby genteel-looking fellow, who stood with his back to the wall, smoking a short pipe.

Peter expressed himself highly honored, but never offered to call for anything.

"What is it to be in?" added the man, winking to those nearest to him.

"In anything you please."

"Brandy, hot and strong, missus," exclaimed the sponge.

It was mixed and passed to him by the landlady.

"A shilling," said the woman, without releasing her fingers from the glass.

Something more than a hint had to be given, before Peter could be made to comprehend that he was to pay for it, which he did at last, though somewhat reluctantly. He had not the slightest idea, when he gave his assent, that having his health drunk would be so expensive.

The words "Jolly green!" "Very 'an'some!" "A real gentleman!" fell upon his ears, and he began to feel quite bewildered.

"Out for a lark," observed the gent he had treated, in a tone of confidence; "so am I. Happy to have made your acquaintaince. Shall we have a night of it? Up to everything."

Peter began to wish himself safe in the City, or in his cottage at Blackheath.

"Try a cigar? allow me to offer you one. Two of your best."

The landlady passed them over the counter.

"Dear me! I never smoke!" exclaimed his victim hastily, as the speaker thrust a genuine British Havana into his hand.

"Smoke 'em for you," replied the fellow, taking it back and preparing to light the other.

"Sixpence," said the woman.

Finding the money was not forthcoming, she repeated the demand.

"I never ordered them," observed the old man, timidly.

There was a general laugh, and the words "Shabby!" "Turn him out!" "No gentleman!" fell disagreeably upon his ear.

Peter feeling as much confused as if he had committed some very questionable action, or detected an error in his accounts, hastened to pay the money.

"Cab-hire, brandy, cigars, three shillings and twopence," he mentally calculated; bless me! I could have dined three days in the City for just one penny more."

Till that moment he had not the slightest idea that public-houses were such expensive places, and he no longer wondered at poor George having been ruined by them; but he was not the man to fall into a similar snare. Deducting the eighteenpence which he stood indebted to the driver, he would have exactly six shillings and two pence left; so he wisely resolved to pull in before the worst of all embarrassments—a pecuniary one—stared him in the face.

Grasping his umbrella with desperate firmness, the clerk advanced to the encounter a second time, and, raising his hat—a politeness the landlady did not appear to appreciate—he said in a very decided tone—

"You will not debit anything more that gentleman may please to order to my account, madam, if you please."

"What does he mean by 'debit'?" demanded the woman, with a stare.

"Won't stand sam any more!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"As you please," exclaimed the mistress of the house, shaking her ringlets with what was intended for an air of disdain.

Those who had not been treated pronounced Peter not to be so great a fool as he looked.

With a heavy heart the old man looked anxiously round him. Styles was not there, and he began to suspect that all he had endured had been in vain.

"Has the drunken rascal," he asked himself, "abstained from his usual haunts for one night on purpose to disappoint me?"

Determined that no amount of annoyance should drive him from his post, he took a seat on one of the benches under the window, and began leisurely sipping his glass of ale, which had hitherto remained untasted.

Finding that nothing more was to be sponged out of him, the gentleman who had so politely insisted on offering him a cigar, began to indulge in that peculiar style of conversation generally known by the name of "chaff." He commenced by delicately inquiring whether his maternal guardian was aware of the fact of his being out; asked the price of his hat; how much he had bought himself for, and what was his selling price.

It was all thrown away on Peter, who, in the natural simplicity of his character, never for an instant suspected the intention of the speaker to insult him. He only replied by a look of astonishment, mentally concluding that he was drunk.

As it is not the first time we have introduced our readers to the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," they are perfectly aware that the company who frequented it could not strictly speaking be called select, unless in an inverse sense to the general acceptation of the word. On the present occasion it consisted of characters more than usually reckless and depraved.

It was a fortunate thing for the clerk that it was not criminal as well; but no violence was offered.

Finding the old man's patience more than a match for their impudence, his tormentors gradually ceased to pay attention to him, and he was left to occupy his seat under the gas-light in peace till another character appeared upon the scene—a negress, well kown at the West End by the name of Black Moll.

When sober, the wretched creature was perfectly harmless; but, excited with drink, which many a well-dressed ruffian, who would have laughed, had she asked for bread, frequently gave her, violent and dangerous, fierce as a tigress, her extraordinary strength making her a terror even to the police, who were but too well acquainted with her.

There was a loud shout when she made her appearance.

Peter began to suspect that he had fallen into very questionable society indeed, and wondered what the clerks would say could they see the cashier of the well-known firm of Bently and Company seated in front of the bar of the "Crown and Magpie," drinking beer; in the event of such an exposure he could never show his face on 'Change again—that would be impossible.

"Out of quod again, Moll?" observed the man he had treated, or rather who had treated himself at his expense; "why, some one said as you had killed the peeler."

PETER MANGLES—ON HIS RETURN FROM THE "CROWN AND MAGPIE."

"I break him arm, dat was all," replied the negress.

"The unfeminine savage!" mentally ejaculated Peter.

The woman began to look round the place in search of some one likely to treat her: the craving of the fiery stimulant she had so long been deprived of was strong. At last her eyes rested upon the old clerk, and she fixed him, as the glance of the rattlesnake is said to fascinate its intended victim, with terror.

"Good gracious! what can she mean by staring at me in that extraordinary manner?" exclaimed the old man.

The negress nodded, and Peter, in his bewilderment, imitated her, and nodded too.

There was a general laugh.

"You dear old gentleman," she said, "wid beautiful white head, you treat black lady to glass of gin?"

"No; go away, my good woman—go away."

"Me drink your good healf, sair."

Peter grasped the handle of his umbrella with increased firmness—*his health had been drunk once already.*

"Go it, Moll!" whispered a young fellow who was leaning against the bar; "I'll stand treat."

"You no give me gin?"

"Certainly not."

"Den you give me kiss!"

"A what?" ejaculated the horror-stricken Peter, starting to his feet.

The negress opened her arms, and rushed towards him. Many a younger and bolder man would have acted as the old clerk did, under the circumstances. With an exclamation of terror and disgust, he sprang to the door of the bar, and bolted into the cab, which had been waiting all the while for him.

"Shut the door—fasten it—don't let her come in," he shouted to the astonished driver, at the same time poking through the window with his umbrella.

The cabman knew the fury he had to deal with, when once her blood was up. Instead of descending to close the door, he wisely gave his horses the rein, and galloped off towards Parliament street, followed by the loud cries of the negress and the still louder laugh of the spectators of the scene.

Having passed St. Margaret's church, the driver drew up.

"Where to?" he inquired.

His fare looked quite bewildered.

"What is yer game?" added the man.

Peter reflected that he should never succeed without an assistant; brave the horrors of the "Crown and Magpie" alone, he dared not.

"Drive me to some place," he said, "where we can speak in safety."

The parlor of the "Crown and Magpie" was frequented by a very different class of visitors from those who patronized the bar. They were less profitable as customers, perhaps, but, with one or two exceptions, far more regular and respectable, and consisted chiefly of petty tradesmen, several lawyers' clerks, a retired undertaker, the sexton of St. Margaret's church, and the upper servants of the abbey dignitaries and families residing in the immediate neighborhood.

Their president, for they had constituted themselves into a regular, or rather irregular society, under the name of the "Crows," was a melancholy looking little man, almost a dwarf, named Goram, who had been employed about the House of Commons for the last thirty years as porter. The opinions of this important personage on all political points were listened to with profound respect, and it was only natural they should be, considering that he had actually been spoken to both by Castlereagh and Sidmouth—though no one knew exactly upon what subject; it might have been the weather, or state affairs—had held the rein of the poet-minister George Canning's horse—recollected the Cato-street conspiracy, the trial of Queen Caroline, Catholic emancipation, the passing of the reform bill, and the destruction of the House of Lords.

In fact, Mr. Goram's melancholy might be dated from the last event. His most intimate friends had never seen him smile since. He had a private opinion respecting the origin of the fire, which he could not be brought fully to explain. When questioned closely upon the subject, his replies were either oracular or enigmatical; and, even to the present day, those deepest in his confidence, are in doubt whether he attributes it to accident, the suppression of the rotten boroughs, or the incendiary eloquence of the almost forgotten Cobbet and O'Connell.

On the night of Peter Mangles's visit to the "Crown and Magpie," the company in the parlor had mustered more than usually strong. An important wager of glasses round had been laid by Styles, that he would bring his landlord, a renegade "Crow," named Impey, who, since his marriage, had absented himself from their nightly meetings, back to his abandoned haunt.

For years the seceder had been one of the constant *habitues* of the place, the first to arrive and the last to depart; his retirement was a loss, a positive loss, for he sang a good song, and being well to do in the world, spent his money freely. In an unguarded hour, and most certainly without consulting his lodger, he had married his housekeeper, or rather his housekeeper had married him, for the luckless Benedict never comprehended exactly how it occurred, and we question if he ever will.

The change which a few mystical words and the passing of a ring over the not very delicate finger of the bride produced was a most remarkable one. *The housekeeper* had invariably welcomed her master when he returned home—no matter how late the hour, or in what state—with smiles, assisted him to draw off his boots, lit him to his room, bade him good night in a most cheerful voice, brought him a cup of green tea in the morning, and never once presumed to hint that she considered either his conduct unwise or dissipated. *The wife*, however, came to a very different conclusion; she spoke her mind not only with freedom but decision, and forbade him! absolutely forbade him to renew his visits to the "Crown and Magpie" again.

Somehow, the happy husband did not care to disobey her injunctions. There was a peculiar something in her tone and manner that—in short, till the night in question, he had resisted every attempt to withdraw him from the allegiance he had so lately sworn.

The appearance of Styles and his victim was welcomed by a general cawing—the Crows prided themselves on keeping up their character. Every one appeared delighted at seeing them, except the retired undertaker, who had lost his wager, and two strangers seated in a distant corner of the room, who were evidently at a loss to comprehend the scene.

One of these was a burly, jovial-looking man, with the unmistakeable characteristics of a cab-driver. His companion wore a respectable, sober livery, and one of those peculiar little flaxen wigs, once sacred to coachmen, but now rarely seen, unless in very aristocratic families; he had also a large shawl twisted loosely round his neck, concealing, accidentally, of course, the lower part of his face.

The arrival of the bridegroom and Styles was the signal for a brisk volley of witticisms, more or less refined, in which all but the parties we have just described heartily joined. Judging from their silence, they evidently wished to remain unnoticed.

The president, in a serious speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the bride from the society, for having given her husband a holiday; it was seconded by the retired undertaker, who slily hinted that his esteemed brother Crow was a little henpecked—an insinuation which instantly brought Mr. Impey to his legs.

With great vehemence, in fact, far more than the occasion justified, he insisted that he was the freest as well as the happiest of mortals; struck his waistcoat and expressed himself particularly anxious to know whether any one thought him a man likely to be henpecked; and, after looking fiercely round him for a reply, which, of course, no one made, concluded by accusing himself of being a domestic Nero, a perfect tyrant, whose conjugal sceptre was made of iron.

"Hear, hear!" shouted Styles, vociferously, at the same time winking to those nearest to him.

The appearance of the waiter with a tray filled with glasses prevented further discussion; but before drinking them a preliminary ceremony, which generally occasioned some mirth, and an additional expenditure, had to be gone through.

It was one of the rules of the society that, on a member losing glasses round, each Crow should sing the verse of a song, in which he compared himself, his trade, or profession to that highly decorous and respectable bird, or, failing, to pay a fine.

The president was the first to commence. His allusions, as a matter of course, were quite parliamentary.

"Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
Your new-fangled statesman alone can compare;
Both indulge in high flights, and can see no disgrace
In feathering their nests in the very best place.
Caw! caw! caw!"

As in duty bound, the verse of their distinguished president was received with acclamations. Without a moment's pause the brother next him was expected to take it up. It was the lawyer's clerk.

"Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
O, the lawyer, I'm sure, may presume to compare,
For he dresses in black, and he preys on the weak,
And though minus his wings, at least has his beak.
Caw! caw! caw!

A farmer-like looking man succeeded—although we shrewdly suspect that his acquaintance with fields was limited to those in Lincoln's-inn, and that the last lane he had visited had been Petticoat lane.

"Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
'Tis the farmer I think has best right to compare;
They are so much alike; and shall I tell you how?
Both the crow and the husbandman follow the plough
Caw! caw! caw!"

It was the bridegroom's turn next, and there was a storm of applause when he rose. Laying his hand upon his waistcoat, he bowed to express the intense gratification he felt, and commenced his tribute to the amusement of the evening:—

"Of the crows of the earth, with the crows of the air,
'Tis married men only can truly compare;
Whilst the hen must set, keep their nest warm at home,
They spread their glad pinions at freedom to roam.
Caw! caw! caw!"

The bravos had not half subsided, when the door of the parlor was thrown open, and a neatly-dressed, respectable little woman made her appearance. The countenance of the singer changed; as he recognized her, evidently he would have preferred being anywhere else.

Fixing her keen gray eye with anything but a loveable expression upon him, she exclaimed, in an angry tone—

"Impey, you fool, come here."

After the boast her husband had made, it must be confessed that he cut rather a ridiculous figure. The domestic hero, as he had styled himself, turned pale. The conjugal sceptre was proved to be of lath, instead of iron.

The laugh was terribly against him.

"Yes, certainly; presently, my love," he faltered.

"Presently won't do; you must come now."

There was no hesitation in the tone of the speaker; every word fell sharply and quickly from her lips; evidently a great domestic battle was on the eve of being decided.

"Something serious must have occurred, gentlemen; very serious," observed the husband.

"A fine!" exclaimed the president, "a fine."

It was against the rules of the society to address or speak of the members but as the Crows.

"I vote that Mrs. Impey takes the chair!" shouted Styles.

The proposal was carried *nem. con.*

"A glass and pipe for the lady," added the proposer.

The words had no sooner escaped him than a vigorous slap on the face expressed the sense his landlady entertained of the compliment.

Mr. Impey turned exceedingly pale, probably from anticipation.

"These are your fine friends, are they?" said his wife. "Let me hear of your ever setting foot in the 'nest,' as you call it, again, spending and wasting *my* property in drunkenness! Crows!" she repeated in a tone of contempt: "you had better have called yourselves owls. How much longer am I to wait?" she added in a peculiar tone. "Do you wish to exhaust all my patience?"

"Certainly not, my love," hastily ejaculated the unhappy Benedict.

Slowly he quitted his seat on the right hand of the president, and walked hesitatingly towards the door. No sooner did he approach within arm's length, than the wife seized him by the arm, and led him from the parlor of the "Crown and Magpie" in triumph.

The exit was accompanied by a shout of derision, for which Mrs. Impey cared very little, for she had carried her point—not, perhaps, in the most feminine or graceful manner, but still she had carried it—and the end, in her opinion, justified the means.

In the midst of the confusion which followed, the cabman and his companion in the respectable livery and coachman's wig escaped unnoticed.

It was past midnight when a cab drove up to the cottage on Blackheath. Mrs. Lawrence, the housekeeper, had been dreadfully alarmed. During the twenty years she had directed the household of Peter Mangles, he had never been absent to so late an hour before.

She considered the old clerk was growing dissipated; and the impression was confirmed when he walked into the little parlor with a gait and stare which would have produced a similar sensation in the city.

The driver followed him.

Peter counted him down three sovereigns.

"Mad!" muttered the housekeeper; "decidedly mad!" as she carefully closed the door after the cabman.

Her master was in a very joyous humor. But it is not to be supposed the three glasses of gin and water he had been compelled to drink, to keep up appearances, had anything to do with it; most indignantly would he have repudiated such an idea.

"The world's at an end," added the woman; "he is singing."

She listened, and distinctly heard something about two crows, followed by "Caw, caw, caw!"

On her re-appearance in the parlor, Peter made an effort to recover himself. Taking the chamber candlestick in his hand, he regarded her earnestly.

"Mrs. Lawrence," he said, with great dignity, "I have a direction, a very particular direction, to give you."

"Certainly, sir."

"If a black lady should call this morning, I am not at home to her."

"Very well, sir," answered the servant, primly.

"In fact, I am never at home to her."

With this last observation he marched majestically out of the room; and, with the assistance of the banisters, walked up stairs, and bolted himself in his room—a precaution the housekeeper had never known him take before.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the bewildered Mrs. Lawrence, "if he is not singing again!"

She listened, and once more distinguished the words, "Caw, caw, caw!"

At the expiration of the time appointed, the *penitent* Mr. Styles made his re-appearance at the counting-house of Messrs. Thornton and Hoffman. He was received by the senior partner.

"I have made the necessary inquiries," observed the latter.

"You are very good, very good indeed, sir," replied the deceiver, "to take so much trouble for a poor, friendless, but I hope thoroughly reformed man."

"There is nothing against your honesty," added the manufacturer.

"That I am sure of, sir. Neither Mr. Carus nor

Peter Mangles, whom I look upon as my greatest enemy, can say a word against that."

"And but for one circumstance I should feel delighted to employ you. I cannot think of depriving the *Crows* of so valuable a member of their society."

The countenance of his visitor fell.

"Hypocrite!" exclaimed the speaker, "unblushing hypocrite, you are unmasked. Such fellows palsy the hand of charity, harden the heart, and almost justify the contempt which too many feel for the humanity we all share. You have played your stake and lost."

Without casting a look towards George Hoffman, the penitent Mr. Styles sneaked out of the counting-house.

"What am I to understand, my dear sir?" demanded the astonished partner.

"That you have escaped a snare," replied Mr. Thornton, shaking him by the hand; "the friendship of Peter Mangles has once more watched over you. It was the worst of all snares," he added, "for it was calculated to work your ruin through the best feelings of our nature."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

In seeking the destruction of George Hoffman by entraining him into dissipation and vice, Styles had hitherto felt no other incentive than the mercenary one of gain. His employer paid him for his services, and that was all which he either considered or required. But now a personal feeling of envy at the dawning prosperity of his victim, and revenge for the exposure which had so humbled him, were added to it, and he vowed to leave no means untried to reduce him once more to the level where drunkenness had left him. Full of this resolution he sought the chamber of Carus Kearn, and related word for word everything that had transpired—the story he had artfully concocted, the expectation, and defeat.

The evil-minded man listened to him impatiently; it was enough for him to know that his project, as far as the speaker could be his agent, were at an end; and he cared little for details; they only added to his mortification and disappointment.

"You must have played your cards badly," he observed.

"I played them as they were dealt to me," replied the ruffian. "Who could have foreseen that the old fool who has taken Hoffman for a partner would have obtained such exact information of my habits and haunts? George must have split upon me. I have always observed," he added, "that your staid, respectable men of business, as they are called, possess far more cunning and calculation than your jovial, reckless ones. I have done my best, however, and have nothing to reproach myself with."

"You are tired, I suppose, of the undertaking?" said Carus.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something about his having been defeated.

"Your true bird of prey *strikes twice*."

Styles regarded him steadily.

"It is the carrion kestral alone that ceases the pursuit when disappointed in his first swoop," added his employer, with marked emphasis upon the words. "I am far from blaming you for the result; the plan was well laid, and not unskilfully executed. It is impossible to calculate every contingency. Your reward shall be the same as if you had succeeded."

His hearer began to look more cheerful.

"Styles," resumed the speaker, "we have known each other for years. You have found me liberal; you know how deeply I have been wronged by George Hoffman; my prospects both in love and fortune blighted by his infernal arts—his marriage with my cousin Rachel."

"In love, truly," said the man, "but not in fortune. That is something new to me. Her father, I understood, was as much estranged as ever."

"Perhaps not."

"I do not understand you."

"You soon will," exclaimed Carus. "I have, after long and patient watching, discovered the cause of my uncle's absence, which so puzzled the clerks and Peter Mangles, and the place of his sojourn. He has been twice to Jersey, to visit a youth at school there."

"Why, it can't be his grandson?" exclaimed Styles, with a look of astonishment. "It wasn't Mr. Bentley, surely, who saved him from prison on New Year's eve, and——"

"You have read my fears aright," replied Carus Kearn. "I more than suspect it. Should it prove so, adieu to all hope of my being his heir, of fulfilling the promise I made of providing handsomely for you in the event of his death, which would leave me a poor man."

"The old fool," muttered his visitor; "after all his threats of what he would do—of never forgiving them."

"There is nothing more unstable than an old man's resolution, unless it be a woman's promise," added Carus Kearn, bitterly. "If the boy is Mr. Bentley's grandson I am a ruined man, unless *some accident* should remove him from my path. But the first point is to ascertain whether it is really the case, or merely the suggestion of my fears. You have seen the lad?"

"Frequently."

"And would you know him again?"

"From a hundred."

"Start, then, at once for Jersey. I need not recommend caution. Make no inquiries; they would lead to no good results, and might excite suspicion. Contrive to see him—that will be enough—and having done so, return to me *for instructions*."

Tom Styles slowly repeated the word.

"I need not remind you that both our interests are at stake," observed his employer; "it would really grieve me, after your long and faithful services, should I not be able to fulfill my intentions of making a provision for your age, to say nothing of the disappointment on my own account."

"Of course it would," muttered his visitor; "but, Mr. Carus, you are not the gentleman I take you for, if you submit calmly to be done out of your expectations by a boy, the son of George Hoffman, too!"

The gentleman smiled; his hints and insinuations were working as he wished.

"His father has injured you enough already."

At the allusion to his disappointment with Rachel, the sinister smile vanished from the lips of her cousin, and his dark eyes flashed with all the evil passions of his nature.

"Something ought to be done," continued the speaker.

"Well, well, we shall see!" replied Carus.

"*And soon!*"

"I seldom delay when once I have made up my mind," was the answer. "My first difficulty will be to decide."

"Can't see it."

"My next to find an agent."

"You need not look far for that, Mr. Carus," exclaimed the respectable Tom Styles. "I declare it makes my blood boil to think of your being plundered of a fortune which ought to be yours, and prevented from acting handsomely by your friends as you would like to do, by a brat, the son of a fellow no better than myself. I feel," he added, "as if *I could do anything* to prevent it."

The smile once more appeared upon the countenance of his hearer, who, without compromising himself, had ascertained that in the speaker he had discovered an agent as unprincipled as his purpose—as desperate as his designs, which, at present, were dark and undefined. Shadows which only required the confirmation of his suspicions respecting our hero, to be confirmed, to start into palpable and terrible existence.

There is an enticement—a fatality—a logic—in crime. The first step as invariably leads to a second as the deduction to the consequence; and yet the passions of villains are like the vertigo—they overbalance the judgment.

Carus Kearn had ascertained all that at present he wished to know, the pliability of the instrument he had chosen, and that, too, without committing himself by any explicit avowal of his purpose. Should his suspicions prove groundless, should the boy prove not to be the grandson of the wealthy merchant, there was no harm done. Matters could rest as they were. It would be quite time enough when his fears were confirmed to speak out plainly what he desired and purposed.

That same night Tom Styles started for Southampton, where he arrived just in time to catch the steamer for Jersey, at which place he landed on the following morning, and took up his abode at the ——, a French hotel, where he considered he should be less likely to be recognized. As a further precaution, he gave himself out as a tradesman just retired from business, who, allured by the reported cheapness and salubrity of the island, had come with an intention of settling.

Richard Hoffman had now been upwards of a year under the care of the Reverend Mr. Oneas Brown, and the progress of his education had been most satisfactory. The sorrow he felt at his singular separation from his mother had not rendered him blind to the advantages of instruction. Possessing one of those rich intelligences which, like virgin land, make up for past barrenness by present fruitfulness when cultivated, he had surpassed the expectations of his instructor—his perceptions seemed all but intuitive. He seized upon the difficulties of a language, and mastered them with a facility which soon placed him on a par with boys who had passed years under the worthy clergyman's care, and had already achieved a respectable proficiency in Latin; but his great talent seemed to lie in the acquirement of modern languages, especially the Hindostanee, which Mr. Brown, who had formerly been chaplain in India, taught, most of his pupils being destined either for the army or a professional career.

Richard's great friend at school was Harry Morton, the son of the lawyer at whose house he had passed the New Year's night which had exercised so marked an influence over his future destiny. The youth was about his own age, of a frank, open, loyal disposition similar to his own, and mutual sympathy drew them towards each other, till perfect confidence existed between them.

When we say "perfect confidence," there was one reservation. Our hero had never forgotten the promise made to Harry's father. The fact of his having passed a night under the lawyer's roof was never hinted by him.

It is a wise dispensation of nature by which the heart is strengthened in the hour of sorrow or suffering. How frequently have we seen naturally weak natures grow suddenly strong under the pressure of pain or affliction. It proved so in Richard's case; for, although he had never forgotten his mother or little Mary—indeed a day, scarcely an hour passed, that memory did not revert to them; he endured the separation with fortitude; his instructor pointed out to him that it was for his own good, and gave him an assurance which he could not doubt without ingratitude, that they had been placed beyond the reach of want.

His first trial was at the summer holidays, when his young companions returned to their friends—to happy homes—to those who loved them. For weeks before the event—always an important one in schoolboy life—took place, he had to listen to the anticipations of the boys, their plans of amusement during the vacation, and his heart felt heavy—not with envy, for he was a stranger to such passions—but regret.

What would he not have given to have returned to London—to pass only a day or a single hour under the roof of his parents—to have shared their toil if necessary, provided he might once more have received his mother's blessing—his sister's kiss—have witnessed the change which the Reverend Oneas Brown from time to time assured him had taken place?

These thoughts naturally made him dull, and one morning, instead of mingling with his young companions on the play-ground, like the poor stricken deer, which, when wounded, flies from its joyous fellows in the herd, he retired to a distant part of the grounds to meditate alone.

His friend Harry soon missed him, and with the perseverance of friendship sought him out. To his surprise he found him in tears.

"What is the matter, Richard?" demanded the sympathizing boy, seating himself by his side. "I can't bear to see you so dull and miserable."

"Nothing," replied the youth, trying to force a smile.

"You don't generally cry for nothing," observed his friend, hurt at what appeared a want of confidence. "One would imagine that the approach of holiday time gave you pain."

"And so it does."

"Why so?" exclaimed the astonished boy.

"In the first place, it will separate me from you," replied Richard Hoffman.

"But you will see your parents and friends," urged Harry Morton, "and our separation will only last for a few weeks."

Great was the sympathy of the speaker when our hero informed him that he was to remain on the island during the vacation. That from circumstances he had given his word not to explain, he had no prospect of seeing his parents for a long, long time to come. "Do not think me selfish," he added, "or that I am capable of feeling envious of your happiness, but I cannot help drawing the contrast."

"Not return for the holidays!" repeated Harry, in a tone of surprise.

"No."

"Or see your parents?"

"No."

"Why, what have you done to merit such a punishment? Brown says that you are the best boy in school, and I can bear witness that you deserve the character."

Richard colored deeply. The recollection of the circumstance which had placed him in the hands of his mysterious protector pained him severely; for, with the susceptibility of an ingenuous mind, he judged his own conduct far more severely than others would have done.

"It is meant as a precaution rather than a punishment, I believe," he answered.

"Precaution!"

"Yes; for fear I should run away. Have you never remarked that, of all the boys, I am the only one who receives no pocket-money?"

"We have all noticed that, and thought it so strange."

"Well," said Richard, "I have only to give my word not to quit the island, to have the same allowance as the rest; but I have constantly refused to do so; and now, Harry, ask me no more questions, for I dare not answer them. Promise me not to think badly of me, or like me less, in consequence of what I have told you."

His friend warmly assured him that it would take something far more serious than his not being allowed pocket-money or kept at school during the holidays to shake the good opinion and friendship he entertained for him. And so the conversation ended between them; but by one at least of the two boys it was not forgotten.

That very day Harry Morton wrote a long letter to his father, in which he described his schoolfellow and friend with all the simple eloquence of boyish enthusiasm; painted his sad position—left alone during the vacation, and concluded by asking his permission to invite Richard home with him.

This letter so interested the worthy lawyer that he showed it to his client, whom we need no longer conceal from our readers to be no other than the wealthy merchant, Mr. Bently. The old man felt deeply affected on perusing it. The description of his grandson's good qualities, his industry and progress in his studies, and the honorable tenacity with which he adhered to his promise, touched him; and if consistently with the design for the reformation of his son-in-law, he could have given his assent to the proposed arrangement, he gladly would have done so. But that was impossible; and by his directions Mr. Morton replied to his son's request by a refusal couched in the kindest terms, but still a firm one; assigning as a reason for not complying with his request, that as the friends of our hero had decided upon his remaining with his tutor during the vacation, he did not think that either the Reverend Mr. Oneas Brown or himself would be justified in departing from the arrangement.

Poor Harry, he felt terribly disappointed; and the young friends parted with renewed assurances of friendship, and cheered by the prospect of speedily meeting again.

The second evening after his return home, Mr. Bently dined at the house of Harry's father. The unsuspecting youth was easily led to converse on the subject of school, and his school companions, and thus the grandfather of our hero obtained the information which so deeply interested him.

"You cannot imagine," said the boy, "how strongly we are all attached to him. Even the Howards, who think themselves superior to the rest of us, because their father is a general and governor of some place abroad, never show the least pride to Richard, and yet they have loads of money, and he is not allowed a sixpence."

"But I supose his companions share their allowance with him?" observed the merchant.

"There is more than one that would willingly do so," answered Harry, including himself as a matter of course in the number, "but he has always refused to accept it. On half holidays, when a party of pleasure to any of the boys is proposed, he always declines; we know the reason of course, and have tried all kinds of schemes to induce him to join us, but he won't be persuaded; and so lately we have given them all up, rather than leave him out."

Mr. Bently felt secretly delighted with this instance of his grandson's spirit of independence, and mentally resolved if he persevered in the line of conduct he had chosen to recompense him richly for his present humiliation and privation.

From that day a singular desire to see him took possession of the old man, and soon became so strong that he determined to risk the chance of being recognized by any visitors on the island, rather than forego it. Hence that mysterious absence which had so puzzled Peter Mangles, and excited the curiosity of Carus Kearn.

Richard was reading in the now solitary play-ground, when his tutor came to him and informed him that a gentleman had arrived from England and wished to see him.

"Is it Mr. Morton?" eagerly demanded the youth.

"No."

His pupil knew of no one else likely to inquire for him.

"It is one who has taken what must appear to you a strange but kind interest in your welfare—the gentleman who intrusted you to Mr. Thornton's care. He has heard the honorable manner in which you have hitherto kept your promise, the satisfactory progress you are making in your studies. Let me advise you to receive him gratefully, as goodness so unexampled and disinterested merits."

"He has separated me from my mother, sir," answered the boy, calmly.

"For your good," replied the clergyman.

"I cannot see it. True, I am better off, have fine clothes, am well fed, and being educated; but all he has done cannot recompence me for the pain it must have caused her. I would forego them all to see her but for one moment—to receive her kiss—to know that she is well. It is cruel kindness to wring the heart that never wronged him, under the pretext of my advantage."

"Here comes the gentleman," observed the clergyman, as he saw Mr. Bently advancing from the house towards the spot where they were conversing. "I shall leave you. State your feelings frankly; truthfully, I am sure you will. I doubt not but your benefactor will be able to defend himself."

So saying, the speaker walked to a distant part of the grounds, leaving the merchant and his grandson together, in the hope that an explanation would take place between them; for in his judgment, he felt that the feelings of his pupil were both natural and right.

Richard had risen on the approach of the man who had exercised so extraordinary an influence over his destiny, and stood coldly, but respectfully before him. Young as he was, he entertained a perfect sense of the advantages he was deriving from his bounty, remembered the terrible position from which he had rescued him; but the sentiments of gratitude were chilled by the feeling that they had been purchased by the sacrifice of his mother's peace of mind.

For several moments they contemplated each other in silence. The wealthy merchant felt gratified by the improved appearance of the boy, his gentlemanly bearing, handsome, intelligent countenance, and had he yielded to the impulses of his heart, would have pressed him to it, but the time had not yet arrived in which, consistent with his intention, he could reveal himself to him.

"I perceive that you recognise me," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"But are you not glad to see me?"

Richard Hoffman remained silent.

"And yet I have taken a long and somewhat inconvenient journey from no other motive than that of looking after your welfare."

There was a feeling of disappointment in the tone of Mr. Bently, as he uttered these words, which did not escape the observation of our hero.

"Ah, sir!" he exclaimed, "why render your bounty and kindness to me incomplete by keeping me from all communication with my parents. You are acting unjustly to yourself, since you render it impossible for me to love you as I ought to do. *As I could love you*," he added; "for something whispers me that you mean well towards me."

"And is this desire to see your parents so strong," demanded the merchant, "that you would sacrifice the prospect of future prosperity to gratify it? or——"

"Stronger than ever," interrupted the youth. "I dream of them; scarcely a night passes but I see pale faces mourning over me in my sleep, and awake with tears upon my cheek; you have broken my mother's heart, and I have been the instrument."

"Perhaps I have merely tried it," replied his grandfather, seating himself upon the bank beside him. "Richard, I came here to see a boy, a being whose mind, like virgin parchment, is capable of receiving any inscription. Taking a deep, far deeper, interest than you imagine in your future welfare, I have guarded, as far as is in my power, against any unworthy lesson being writeen there; but I find that suffering has made you prematurely a man—a man in judgment though not in years—and contrary to my first intentions will explain, my conduct towards you."

"I shall hear you, sir, with patience."

"And justify it."

"I trust so," replied Richard.

"When we first met—and you can never, I am certain, forget the occasion," resumed Mr. Bently—"I made up my mind to snatch you from the precipice upon whose verge you had been led, driven, I might say, by poverty, and the agony of seeing those most dear to you perishing from want. I first ascertained that your story was a true one. In doing so, the history of your parents became known to me—your mother's ill-assorted marriage, and the dissipated, to use no harsher term, conduct of your father.

At this allusion to his father's vice, Richard Hoffman colored deeply.

"I asked myself two questions," continued the speaker, "before I decided on the line of conduct I should pursue. The first was, whether it would have been wise to leave you to the contaminating influence of such an example, by permitting you to remain in communication with a parent who had so far forgotten his duty towards his child?"

"I hear you, sir."

"The second was, whether it might not be possible to save both father and son by keeping the former in ignorance of the fate of the latter, by letting uncertainty haunt him like remorse, follow him closely as his shadow?—for I knew that sorrow was the only real purifier of the heart; and this conviction it was that induced me to turn a deaf ear to your prayers, to send you suddenly from London, destroy all trace by which you might be followed; and, thank heaven, my plan has succeeded. George Hoffman is no longer a hopeless drunkard, but a reformed man, earning an honorable living by his own industry. When the time arrives that will restore you to him, you need not blush to own him as your father."

The astonished youth clasped his hands in silent gratitude. His heart was too full for words. He knew how the change must have rejoiced his mother.

"With his wife," resumed Mr. Bently, "my task was far more difficult: your loss was a blow which caused my heart to bleed as I inflicted it. I ascertained that a true friend had snatched her from poverty and all but that mental suffering which time could only assuage. She has found consolation in the reformation of her husband, lives in Christian confidence and hope that her boy will one day be restored to her longing arms; has gathered strength in patience."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed our hero, taking him by the hand, "forgive me my cruel, my unjust suspicions of your noble, generous conduct; how I have wronged you!"

"Hear me out," replied Mr. Bently, "and I have done. From this moment you are at liberty to decide for yourself; to return, if you wish it, to your parents. But first weigh the probable consequences. You know better than I can paint to you how frequently the promises of amendment, on the part of your father, have been broken. Will you plunge him again in that degraded state from which sorrow and remorse alone had power to draw him? or, by remaining for a year or two longer in the position I have placed you, give time for his good resolves to take root, habits of virtue and temperance to grow confirmed, attach him to a house of respectability, instead of the tavern and its evil associations? You have your choice."

The first impulse of Richard Hoffman was to decide on returning to his mother. What prospect, however alluring, could be balanced against her kiss and smile of welcome—restoring happiness to her—feeling her arms around his neck, her tears upon his cheek?—and had he answered on the instant, such would have been his choice; but the gray, piercing eye of his benefactor was fixed upon him with a warning glance. His thoughts reverted to the memorable cottage in the Belvedere-road. He remembered how frequently he had heard his mother declare that she would rather see him dead than dishonored—witnessed his sister's tears for bread, when her sorrowing parent had none to give.

One rash act might renew the trials and temptations again: he dared not risk it.

"Decide for me, sir," he said, and the strong agony of filial affection wrung him as the words escaped his lips; "let your wisdom guide my inexperience. I understand you now, and will not murmur at your decision."

"Or refuse me your hand, Richard, when I again come to Jersey to see you," observed Mr. Bently, moved almost to tears by the noble conduct of his grandson.

The boy grasped his hand warmly, and raised it to his lips. The merchant would fain have indulged the yearnings of his heart, and pressed him to it, but the time had not yet arrived in which he considered it prudent to remove the last vail between them.

During the rest of the holidays, the old man remained upon the island, the companion of his grandson, who soon became so strongly attached to him, that the termination of his visit was looked forward to with regret.

From that day all restrictions were removed. Richard Hoffman was allowed the same amount of pocket-money as any other boy.

How he longed for the return of his friend Harry!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A CRUST of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love: there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

MANNER.

There are those who manage to glide along through the world by a kind of mannered legerdemain, who have acquired their manner in the ancient school of Proteus, and by their singular dexterity in ever imparting the required impression, from moment to moment, fail not in their social objects. There is a species of shufflers, who succeed, by virtue of an *off-hand* manner, which mankind, in general, are content to yield to. The most popular class is, doubtless, that which reduces Chesterfield to practice, on principle, and with veritable punctilio. These devotees lean on a broken reed. Their faith in a manner is too perfect. With wonder did we once hear a man of sense console himself for the unprincipled conduct of his son, by declaring that "through all he had kept his manners." When tact at mere verbal rhyming constitutes a poet, musical memory a composer, or taste in colors a painter, then may we believe that manner will make a man, for,

> "Heaven never meant him for a passive thing,
> That can be struck and hammered out to suit
> Another's taste and fancy."

There is a policy in manner. We have heard one, not inexperienced in the pursuit of fame, give it his earnest support as being the surest passport to absolute and brilliant success. And who, that has been chained, for hours, as by enchantment, with the grace and elegance of an orator, and then, in solitude, reviewed his words and recalled not a single impressive idea, has not realized this?

There is a poignancy in manner. We have often heard a friend describe the effect produced at a well-surrounded dinner-table, by the silence of a gentleman to whom one of the company, in a very audible voice, had addressed an impertinent question. The tacit rebuke was most keenly felt; it was more effectual than a public reprimand, and yet how entirely devoid of irrational severity. Similar results may be effected through expert application of manner.

An instance occurs among the innumerable anecdotes related of John Randolph. A young aspirant for congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence, by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia. At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address, the hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching his long, nervous arm toward the seat of the complacent youth, with a half-inquiring, half-contemptuous look, thus replied:—"Mr. Speaker, *who's that?*" There was a sarcastic bitterness in his manner, under which the offender quailed. There is a power in manner. How finely Byron describes, in the bearing of Conrad—

> "that commanding art
> That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart."

Who that is susceptible to nature, will deny that the sway of manner consists in its truth? We speak of the impressive dignity of some of the Indian tribes; kings might strive to imitate it in vain. It is the gift of nature—the ennobling grace of the forest lords. The companionship of genius—when do we most perfectly realize it? When enthusiasm has led the gifted mind into such an outpouring that manner is forgotten, and every look and movement is instinct with soul. In aged persons and children—those who have lived too long to meditate effect, and those who, as yet, listen only to the inward oracle, we most frequently see the perfect spell of manner. What a world of allurement is involved in the common phrase: an unaffected manner! Nothing is so delightful as what is spontaneous. A frank expression of sentiment, a native manner, captivate; thrice happy when the latter is habitual. Memnon's image imparted not its mysterious strains except at the touch of the sunbeams, nor will manner yield its true witchery from any inspiration but that of the soul.

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

> "Ah, must we part?—my poor, poor heart
> Will pine in mute despair.
> Oh! ere you go, to cheer my wo,
> Leave one lock of thy hair!"
>
> Alfred replied—"It cannot be"—
> And his tears came rolling big—
> "I've not a lock to spare for thee;
> Dearest, I wear a wig!"

"WHAT DOES HE DO FOR A LIVING?"

"What does that young man do for a living?" is the common inquiry, as some foppish, well-dressed individual passes by. "Nothing—nothing at all," is the frequent reply. "But what supports him in his extravagances?" None can tell—but we, being a Yankee, have the privilege of guessing. That young man that dresses in broadcloth, carries a cane, and is so extremely polite to all his acquaintance—especially the ladies—is the son of a man in moderate circumstances, who finds it difficult to sustain himself with a moderate income. His son wishes to be a gentleman, and lives without labor. The father in his folly refuses to put him to a trade, or send him to work on a farm, hoping that something may turn up, by-and-by, when business will be better, for his son to obtain a good living without work. He is now obliged to dispense with the luxuries of life—perhaps with some of its comforts—for his son to keep up appearances, and get into good society, as that kind of company is termed, where young men have nothing to do but to dress according to the latest fashions. He is quite independent, and uses language to his seniors that might be considered uncourteous in a king. He faces all classes and conditions without a blush, and dares to look with contempt on the honest apprentice, whose generous soul would outweigh a thousand as light as his own. The companions he chooses are like himself, puffed up with vanity, swelling with importance, and who make a pretence of doing something, by occasionally visiting a lawyer's office, to read a page or two of Blackstone. The end of such a youth it needs no prophetic vision to see. "It is as plain as the way to market," as Dr. Franklin would say, that he will turn out a low, despised, and miserable tool. Perhaps the Penitentiary will bring him up—perhaps the gallows. But if he escape these, it will be to hang like an incubus on those of his friends, who, for pity's sake, have not the heart to send him where he deserves.

RIGHT AT LAST.

When Oscar was young he believed that everybody always said what they thought; when he grew older he met with so many proofs that this was not the case that in disgust his mind recoiled to the opposite extreme; and by the time that he was thirty-five he believed that nobody ever said what he thought. Now, at fifty, he has returned about half way, and there is fixed in the conviction that some people do sometimes say what they mean.

Oscar is at last right. The world is a false world, a sham world, a lying world; but *sometimes* the truth is told; and there *are* people who generally tell it.

What a state of society must that be in which it is the constant habit, wherever it is right and proper so to do, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. How long before society *on earth* will be able to bear such truthfulness? C. S.

DEATH.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Thou art a fearful thing, oh, Death!
Thou claimest all things living for thine own:
The friends we love—the beautiful, the gay—
Pass daily from our midst. Affection's tone—
Its soft, sweet cadence cannot move thy will,
Thou heedest not, though all around thee weep.
Thy victim feels thy touch so cold and still:
It stops life's rolling tide—seals up in sleep
The heavy eyes—bids the heart cease to throb—
The icy limbs to move—the brain to think.
Stern tyrant, bitter is thy brimming cup—
A cup from which I, too, must one day drink.

Mysterious, grim keeper of the tomb,
Thou'rt ever watchful—seeking for thy pray.
Thou stealest from infancy's fair cheek the bloom—
Thou doomest the tender form to foul decay.
Thou comest unbidden to the halls of mirth—
The bridegroom turns away, the bride is thine.
The fondly cherished wife, the aged sire,
Youth, manhood—all pay vows at thy dark shrine.
Monarch of Time, thy heavy chains will break,
And from thy presence joyously we'll soar
To blissful homes, where sin and sorrow cease:
There we shall meet our loved ones—meet to part no more.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Confound the boy! What does he mean? Does he think I'm going to be a father to him, and not be obeyed as a father? Does he think I'm going to give him my money to spend in business, and take only ingratitude in return? What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague take the youngster! What business has he to go and fall in love with a poor piece of trash! I'll—I'll—fix him! I'll—but here comes the rascal!—the spurner of my counsels!"

And as Captain Jerry Pleman thus spoke he sank into a great stuffed chair, and looked daggers; and twice he stamped his dumpy foot vehemently to keep up his stern purpose. He was a round-bellied, jolly-faced, red-cheeked bachelor, just five-and-forty. Most of his life he had spent at sea, and had lately settled down ashore with an immense fortune, for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days "after his own heart," as he expressed it. His pate was just bald enough to carry his jolly face high up over the brow, but yet he had a goodly quantity of dark curls clustering about his short, fat neck. The only near relative he had in the lower world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Pleman had loved his sister fondly, and when she died—she was a widow then—she left a prayer upon the record that her brother would care for her orphan boy. And uncle Jerry had done it faithfully. For ten years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down for a home, he had Jack come and live with him.

"Ah—you are here, are you?" growled the uncle, looking up with a very dagger-like expression.

Jack Kendall was twenty-three, somewhat taller than his uncle, but with the same family look. He was a handsome, good-natured, generous, affectionate fellow, and loved his uncle Jerry with his whole soul.

"Yes, uncle—I'm here," he replied, taking a seat, "and I know you are glad to see me."

"Aye—I am glad, for I have something to say to you," the bachelor resumed, looking some more daggers. "Have you seen that baggage again?"

"*Baggage*, uncle?"

"*Baggage*, sir. I said *baggage*. Have you seen her?"

"*Her*, uncle? *Baggage?—Her?* Why—what do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. I mean that piece of poverty—that hanger-on—that—that baggage—that—that gal!"

"Oh! You mean Lizzie Brown. The girl that——"

"Thinks to catch you, and thus catch my money!" interrupted uncle Jerry, emphatically.

"It is hardly fair to say that, uncle, seeing that I made all the advances myself."

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose I know? I say she set the trap for ye! But I won't have it! If I'm to be a father to ye, you must obey me. Now *I've* got a choice. I want ye to marry with Susan Garland."

"But she's a widow, uncle."

"So much the better. She'll know how to make a home for ye."

"And she's older than I by a dozen years."

"Just five years. She's only twenty-eight. It's all the better for that."

"But I can't love her."

"Can't love her!" cried the uncle, looking an immense number of very sharp-pointed daggers. "Can't love Susan Garland! Can't love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had! Let me tell you, sir, that when the old Gazelle was cast upon the rocks of Barnegat, Bill Garland saved my life, and lost his own! He died in these arms, sir! We sat upon the cold, wet rocks, sir! and the last words he ever said to me were, 'Be kind to my poor Susan!' And I will be kind to her!" the captain added, wiping a big tear from his cheek. "I'll give her a husband—a—a—graceless husband, perhaps—but with money enough to keep her above want. You shall marry her, sir."

"But suppose I should refuse."

"Refuse! refuse your own uncle? You dare not do it, sir! I'd turn you out of doors in an instant! I'd see you starve before I'd give you another penny! I'd—I'd—take away all I ever did give you!"

"Ah—you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I have gained under your noble, generous patronage, is a mine of wealth of which you cannot rob me! and I would not to-day exchange it for all the wealth you ever possessed. I can live by my own wits."

"Aha! You threaten me, do you? You mean to rebel, do you? You mean to disobey me outright?"

"You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to belie my own heart. If you could know Lizzie Brown——"

"Lizzie Fiddlestick!—I don't want to know her! I know Susan Garland, and that's enough; I've had my plan fixed ever since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her—and I must do it—and how can I do it if you don't let me have her for a niece?"

"Why not have her for a wife?" asked Jack, quietly.

"*Wife!—Me!* Why—you young rascal, what do you mean? Me—marry! Zounds! Do you think I'm crazy? I'm old enough to be her father!"

"Only seventeen years, uncle. Just enough to give you character as a husband."

"Silence, villain! Would you have me make a fool of myself just as I am setting down for comfort and quiet? Don't you never dare to lisp such a thing again! I shall go and see Susan to-morrow, and I shall tell her that you will have her. That's enough! I won't hear any more! By the Big Fish! but I'll keep my promise!"

Jack knew that 'twould be useless to say more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland had been his uncle's first mate during his last two voyages, and the captain had not only liked him much, but he also thought much of Susan, having stopped at her home while her husband was living. When Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulders, he had hit upon the happy expedient of making her his niece, by marriage, and thus having the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished the plan, and he feared 'twould be hard to thwart him. The old fellow was as stubborn as he was kind-hearted, and where he felt that he had authority he would not yield.

Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he resolved to see the widow in advance of his uncle; and he went that very evening.

Susan Garland was a pretty woman, with a plump form, and a dimpled, cheerful face, over which sweet, genial smiles were continually playing when she was happy. She had been alone two years. She welcomed Jack kindly, and after some common-place remarks, the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which had passed between himself and uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that she would help him.

"Surely you would not wish to take me from the being I love," he said.

"Of course not," the widow replied, with an earnest smile. "I should be decidedly opposed to any such thing. I know Lizzie well, and I know, too, that she will make you a good wife. You may depend upon my assistance, for I can tell your uncle that *I won't*, and that will be the end on't."

They chatted awhile longer, and then Jack took his leave.

"He'll be here to-morrow forenoon," the young man said, as he reached the door-stone.

"I shall be ready for him," was the reply; and a funny light twinkled in the widow's eye as she said so.

About eleven o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and now appeared as fresh and fair as a maid of sixteen. She welcomed the captain with one of her sweetest smiles, and finally took a seat close by him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in relating wonderful stories of his adventures at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop to dinner.

"O—no, I must go home to dinner," he said. "But before I go I have a little business matter to touch upon."

"Then you must wait, sir," pronounced the widow, decisively. "It is my dinner hour, and I must prepare it. Wait and eat with me, and then I'll listen."

And with this Susan drew out her table, spread the snow-white cloth, and soon had the dishes in their places. Then she went away to the kitchen, and presently the captain heard the pots and kettles rattling, the meat sputtering, and a brisk, culinary racket going on generally.

"Egad!" the old fellow muttered to himself, "she's a splendid craft. What a clean build! If I had come across such a woman years ago, I believe I should have made a fool of myself."

In due time the dinner made its appearance, and the captain was invited to partake.

"Now make yourself at home," the widow said, with a charming smile; "for I look upon you as one of the very dearest friends I have."

"Egad! If she ain't a beauty!" Uncle Jerry said this to himself, as he moved up to the table.

The lamb-chops were done as the captain had never seen them done before. So juicy—so rich—so delicately spiced—and so splendidly cooked. And then the little et ceteras; and the pies; and the cake; and the rich, golden coffee. But above all was he entranced by the bright smiles and the sparkling wit of his fair hostess.

"Zounds!" he muttered, while she was gone away with the dishes, "*ain't* she charming?"

Finally the widow came and sat down by the captain's side upon the sofa. Her dimpled cheeks were all aglow; her bright eyes sparkled with a beaming luster; and over her pure white shoulder flowed a wavy, curling tress which trembled ever and anon, as though there were some strange emotion in the bosom beneath it.

"Now, sir," she said, "I am ready to listen."

"Well—well," Uncle Jerry managed to say, after a prodigious effort at clearing his throat, "you must pardon me if I come right to the point."

"Of course."

"Then here it is: You know I promised Bill—that is—Bill Garland—my old mate;—or, I should say, my young mate—that I would look after you—care for you. You know that."

"Yes, sir," returned Susan, with a grateful look. "I know that; and I have blessed you many times for your kindness to poor me. Alas! I don't know what I should have done, but for your generous bounty."

"Tut, tut,—don't talk so. How could I help being good to you? How could anybody help being good to you?"

"Ah—but everybody don't have hearts like yours."

The captain rather liked the compliment; and then it came from such an agreeable source, too. So he did not dispute it. But he made another prodigious effort to clear his throat, and then said—

"I have tried to be good to you, Susan; and I hope I have been; but I can't do all I want to do for you at present. I am coming right to the point now." (Another clearing of the throat.) "You know you are a widow."

She did know it.

"And you know you are yet young and very beautiful."

"Oh!—No. Not beautiful; and, surely, not *very* young."

"But you are *not old*, and—you *are* beautiful. Now this won't do. Scandal will reach you. I—ahem—am not so old myself but that the shaft of scandal might reach me, too."

"You, old?" uttered Susan, looking up reprovingly and yet admiringly. "Why—you are right in the very prime of manhood. A man at your age, and with your genial, happy disposition, has just reached his full dawn of life at five-and-forty."

Uncle Jerry rather liked this, so he did not contradict as he had at first a will to do.

"Then, of course," he returned, applying the compliment to his own purpose, "it is still the more necessary that there should be a new and a nearer relation between us. I love you too well to have a single breath of suspicion rest upon you. Should you object to such a relation?"

The widow's long lashes drooped, and the dark tress upon her bosom trembled more perceptibly.

"If it is your wish, sir, I should have no opposition to make," she said.

"And you'll come and live with me?"

"Yes."

"And we'll be as happy as kings!"

"Oh! I should be very, very happy," she whispered; and as she did so her head rested upon the captain's shoulder, and the bright tress fell upon his hand, with several tear-jewels glittering amid its curls.

"What a time we'll have!" Uncle Jerry cried, winding his right arm about her plump form, and drawing her more closely to him. "When you are Jack's wife, we'll——"

"*Jack!*" repeated Susan, breaking from his embrace, and starting to her feet: "JACK'S WIFE!" she uttered, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Why—bless me, yes."

"And have you meant for me to marry *him?*"

"Lord bless me! who should I mean?"

"And do you suppose I would marry with a mere boy? Are there not girls enough for the youngster? Sir! you mistake me—you mistake my heart, you mistake my love—if you think I could give my heart to your nephew!"

"But—bless me! ahem—eh-h-h-m!—Jack is——"

"I know, sir—I know him well. He is a fine youth—a worthy youth, and may be a noble man if he lives long enough. But I can say no more. I am sorry to disappoint you. I am—am—deeply grateful for all your kindness to me, and I will pray to God for his blessing upon you continually. But we had better part now. You have spoken my doom! Farewell!"

"But—Susan! Here! Stop! Bless me!——"

Susan did not stop, and Uncle Jerry found himself alone. He said, "Bless my soul!" forty-three times, and then left the house. All the way home he muttered to himself; and when he met Jack at the supper-table, he was moody and silent. When he went up to his chamber, he commenced to mutter again; and he kept on muttering and pondering until he fell asleep. Finally he began to dream. He dreamed that Susan Garland became his wife, and he held her to his bosom, and wondered that he could ever have thought of such a foolish thing as allowing Jack to have her. But while he held her thus, who should appear in the nuptial chamber but Bill Garland, pale and cold, with sea-weed for hair, and dank, green ocean moss for raiment! And the cadaverous presence said, "Give me my wife!"

The dreamer awoke with a sharp cry of fear, and found the sunlight streaming into his room. He arose, and sat down by the window; and finally he said, in a deep, fervent tone—

"Thank God, Bill Garland hasn't come back!"

For three whole days Uncle Jerry was like a newly-converted sinner. He could not eat—he could not read—he could not sleep, and the burden of his remarks to Jack was—

"Clear out, you rascal!"

On the evening of the third day the captain made an extraordinary toilette, and then went up to see Susan Garland. She welcomed him with a warm greeting, and finally, at his particular request, sat down by his side upon the sofa, just as she sat before.

"Susan," said he—he spoke bluntly, for his courage and determination had been duly brought up to the sticking-point before he started, "you said the other day that you should be very, *very* happy to come and live with me. Did you mean that you would be willing to become my wife?"

There were a dozen tresses upon the white shoulder now, and they shook like aspens.

"That's a curious question, sir," she replied.

"But tell me, plainly, did you mean that?"

"If I mistook *your* meaning, sir, you have no right to question *mine*."

"But—Lord bless me! suppose I should *ask* you to be my wife? Answer me that."

"You never did ask me, sir."

"Then, by the car of old Neptune! I ask you now. Susan Garland—will you be my wife?"

"Jerry Pleman—I will!"

"What!" cried the captain, starting back, and gazing into her blushing, tear-wet face—"do you mean that you can love an old man like me? that you can love me always?"

"You are not old; and as for loving you, I have loved you for a long while; and if you take me for a wife I'll love and bless you to my dying hour!"

"Then come here! Come here, Susan! Come right here—and if I ever cease to love you, and cherish you, and be true to you—may—may—that sea-weed ghost come back!"

About ten minutes after this, Uncle Jerry made the following very sensible remark—

"Why—bless my soul! We are acting like two fools!"

The widow only smiled, and said—

"Two very happy ones—ain't we?"

And Jerry said—

"Bless my soul—we are!"

* * * * * * * *

On the following day, Jack *happened* to pass near the widow's house, and he dropped in.

In a few moments he was the happiest fellow imaginable.

"But," said Susan, earnestly, "don't misunderstand me. I have loved your uncle—loved him well and truly—and I believe he loved me, but dared not say so. Had it not been thus, I could not have done this. I would have helped you all the same by simply and flatly refusing you; but I would not have toyed or trifled with him. He is a good man, Jack—a good man."

"So he is," replied Jack. And then he went home.

The youth found his uncle in the library, with a book in his hand, said book being bottom-end up. He sat down and peeped wickedly out of the corners of his eyes, while a very ill-mannered smile kept playing around the corners of his mouth.

"What are you winking, and blinking, and squinting, and grinning at, you young dog?" asked the old captain, with tremendous ferocity.

"I was thinking of a story I once read," returned Jack, quietly.

"A story, eh? What is it, you scapegrace?"

"I'll tell you, uncle," said the nephew, with the smile and the twinkle more wicked than ever. "It was a very funny thing—in fact, it is the funniest thing I ever heard of. A man once went to set a trap in which to catch a very respectable and honorable young friend of his. He had got the trap all nicely set, as he supposed, when——What *do* you think?"

"When what, you graceless rascal?"

"Why, uncle, when the thing was all fixed, there was the funniest thing happened you ever heard of. Instead of catching his respectable, high-minded young friend, the old fellow got nabbed himself. In fact—HE GOT CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP! Wasn't it——"

"Get out of my house, you young scamp! Out with you, reprobate!"

"But, uncle—when I come back mayn't I bring Lizzie with me to see, and participate in, your new and deep felicity?"

"If you'll be decent, you daring young villain, you may bring the queen of slatterns herself; but beware how you offend me! I can't bear everything—and I won't! I won't put up with it! I'll—I'll—kick you out of doors, you ungrateful traitor!"

After this effervescence, Uncle Jerry's soul settled down to a clear, placid calm; and when Lizzie Brown finally appeared before him, he actually kissed her, and said she was just the girl for his rascally nephew.

And in a few weeks thereafter, Uncle Jerry had a wedding-party. He was married first, and then he sat down and saw Jack married.

"There," said the happy old fellow, after the thing was all over, as he approached his nephew and handed him a paper: "There is something to make up for the loss you have sustained in letting me rob you of the best woman in the world."

Jack opened the missive, and read it with tears in his eyes, for it was a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars, with a little note attached, saying that, if he behaved himself, he might, at some future time, have more.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written *write*;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right:
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite;
But *write*, for so 'tis written right.

THE INDIANS' REVENGE.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

March 10th, 18—.

DEAR CLARA—You perhaps wonder how I have lived through the winter in this lonely and far-off place—seventeen miles beyond the last outpost of civilization, and in the very midst of savages. Well, I have got through it gloriously. Uncle Lewis is a great favorite with the Indians, and so is Aunt Sarah, and all the girls and boys. Uncle Lewis's house is their resource when they get out of provisions, and from here the Indian is never sent empty away. Consequently, they are very friendly; but I *can't* like their manners. They never knock at a door, and if the window happens to be the handiest, they leap through it without ceremony.

The Indians bring us game, when they have been lucky; and Aunt Sarah says they also bring her loads of maple sugar every spring.

We have had glorious times during the winter, not the least of which was sailing over the glassy surface of Elk-Horn Lake in an ice-boat, with the speed of the wind.

Now, all the family is astir with spring vigor, and it is really delightful, living as we do here. I hear the voices of the merry boys sounding from lake-shore and forest; the girls are singing in-doors and out; Aunt Sarah bustles about, "seeing to things;" the "help" sing as cheerily as the daughters—and in strange melody, for one servant is an Indian girl, named Wanona; the only Indian, by the way, that ever I knew to be a neat and skillful houseworker. She is as brisk as a bee, and as neat as a pin, and she *is* beautiful. But she is very saucy. She will do just as she likes, for all anybody can say.

There is a nephew of Aunt Sarah's here, who is, I am certain, in love with Wanona. He is not a man to be trusted, either. What he *can* be thinking of, I don't know, to conduct himself towards this squaw as he does. He would never marry an Indian; and if he thinks to cheat and fool one with impunity, he will find himself sorely mistaken. Savages are dangerous people to impose upon—and in this Wanona's beautiful, dark face, there is that which should warn a man to beware of injuring her.

Leance is the name of this man. He is handsome and proud, and of graceful and attractive manners. He is certainly pleasing to Wanona. Strange that no one else observes what is so clear to me. Yesterday I saw them together in the woods, and I knew by their manner that they had met as lovers. I have a mind to tell Aunt Sarah what I saw.

March 24.

The affair between Leance and Wanona has visibly progressed. She is devoted to him; but he, man-fashion, is now much less attentive to her. I saw him frowning as he addressed her a few hours since. She returned his frown with a look of agonized entreaty. I could not understand it at all.

March 30th.

There is something terribly wrong between Leance and Wanona. My uncle and aunt are at length aware of it. The Indian girl has for many days seemed almost broken-hearted; but now there is baneful light in her dark eyes, when by chance you can see into them. She seldom lifts them, but keeps steadily, and in gloomy silence, on with her domestic duties. Leance looks uneasy, and talks of starting for the East in a few days. Uncle Lewis decidedly approves of the plan; and an Indian who called here for a few moments this forenoon, said, as he passed Leance, casting a sidelong glance of deep meaning upon that gentleman—

"*Maybe something might hurt you, you stay here long.*"

I saw Leance turn pale, and he went quickly in search of Uncle Lewis. He begins to feel that he has ventured upon dangerous ground.

10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

It has been decided that Leance shall start in the morning for his home. Uncle has told him seriously that it will not do for him to remain in this region longer. I wonder if the man will get away in safety. Really, I feel that he will not. However safe and pleasant it may be to trifle with the love and peace of white maidens, it is terribly *unsafe* to do the same thing when the victim is an Indian. Indians are beings who will not allow such offences to pass unpunished. I am as wide awake as if I *never* again could sleep. Every sound startles me. One strange thing has taken place. In less than twenty minutes after it was decided that Leance should depart on the morrow, Wanona was wanted for something, but could not be found. She has been searched for, and called for, everywhere on and about the premises, but can be nowhere found.

Were I Leance, I would be frightened half to death; in fact, I am as it is, for who knows but what we may all suffer from his fault. But I will write no more to-night. I must *try* and sleep, for thus morning light will soonest be attained.

Yours, ever, HELEN.

April 5th.

MY DEAR, DEAR CLARA—I am thankful to be alive and able to write to you once more. I had not thought to have seen this day. But let me tell you.

Hardly had I laid my head upon my pillow the night on which my last letter was written to you, when from all sides of the house and, as it seemed, from every room in the house, arose the most awful yells. The dreadful war-whoop *this* time. There was no mistaking it. In mortal terror every member of the household leaped from their beds, and rushed together, meeting in the great dining-hall. The house was full, literally swarming with horribly painted and almost naked savages. They captured us every one before we could make the least show of resistance.

"Ugh! I got um," growled the tall savage who had clutched Leance. Then again pealed the war-whoop, till I really felt that it needed no *knife* to take off my scalp."

"What does this mean?" demanded Uncle Lewis of the yelling crowd.

"You see—you no make any question—Indian know what he do!" was the gruff reply.

They then obliged us all to march out of the house, and through the woods for nearly a mile. They then came to a camp-fire, roaring and blazing away with a great light and heat.

We were not sorry of the warmth, for we were, children and all, in our night-clothes, and barefooted; but still such a tremendous fire was suggestive of the idea that we *might* be doomed to be roasted.

I now caught sight of an Indian with whom I had often held very friendly converse; and to him I beckoned, and whispered—

"What *is* to be done with us?"

"*You* not be hurt. You no be scare—nor anybody but strange pale-face."

"Wretched Leance!" I thought, and at the instant the miserable man was dragged forward, and held close to the scorching fire until his hair was singed off, and his whole body blistered; for the savages had stripped him entirely naked.

He was in such agony that he was forced to scream, and writhe into all horrible contortions. My poor aunt fainted at the sight, and all the children cried piteously. When the stern executioners had finished the roasting they daubed their wretched victim with pitch and slime, and then they stabbed his blistered breast many times with small, sharp thorns, and wounded and excoriated his body terribly. I thought they were going to gouge out his eyes; but one who seemed to be chief among them forbid that act. When all was over, and Leance stood before us a hardly human thing, four Indians came into the circle, and laid at his feet the dead body of Wanona. This was a new shock to us all. Then a noble-looking savage, the tall war plumes waving above his high brow, stepped forth and addressed Leance:

"That is *your* work," he said, pointing to the body at the captive's feet. "She was like the flowers of the forest, fair; like its birds, gay; and pure as the snow on the hills, till the pale face came. She asked him not to love her; but he did; and his love was dishonor and death. As he did to Wanona's soul we have tried to do to his body—but not all; for his friend is the friend of the red man; and for our friend's sake, we will spare the *life* of our enemy. But our friend did us a great wrong when he gave shelter and food to our enemy; and we have punished *him* and his household by showing them how we avenge our sister, who died four hours ago, because of the pale face's crime. She came flying to us when the darkness fell, and told us all her wrong, and that she was dying; and we gave her peace by the promise that we have now fulfilled. BEGONE, *white snake of death! Come not again hither if thy life pleases thee.* Go, ye, all, back to your wigwam. The Indian is satisfied."

Then lifting Wanona's body they glided silently amid the shadows of the trees, and left us to make our way back to the house as we best could.

The fright, the excitement, the horor of the scene, made us all ill. As for Leance, he yet lies helpless in his bed, a spectacle to behold. He will live through it, we think; but I *do believe* that the next time he undertakes to make false love, he will take good care that it be not to an Indian girl. He never again can be so handsome as he was, for his face, Uncle Lewis says, will be hopelessly scarred.

Nobody can help pitying him, for he is a great sufferer; but I must say that if every such offender were made to find their way so hard, I think it would be a good thing for the world.

You needn't expect another letter from me; for I *can't* remain here any longer, and almost as soon as you receive this I shall be at home. Till then, and there, I am thine, HELEN.

BELLS.

The chime of bells is so intimately associated in idea with the rural sounds and domestic quiet of the country, that we listen to it with the same feelings inspired by the singing of a woodland brook over its path of pebbles, the hum of insects in a summer field, or any other of the many voices of nature. To have heard the chimes once, though it be but a broken recollection of infancy, is enough. The ear never forgets while the heart feels. It is said that the delight caused by hearing the sound of bells, is altogether arbitrary; that we cheat ourselves into the belief of their melody by their associations of home, or the village church under which we have always heard them. Perhaps so; but the real existence of some things consists not in what they are, but in what they appear. This is a vile doctrine in morals, but it is good philosophy in other matters. The lover who "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," violates no law of morals, or rule of logic, but is most reasonably entitled to his belief. It is no deception of conscience or injury done to honesty; it is a good trait, and commendable in society. It is one of those inalienable rights of faith like the natural claims to liberty, that are born before systems or modes of government, and survive them too. But bells have an artist-like music of their own, of a far higher tone than that drawn from violins, or other earthly instruments; they are hung aloft in the pure air toward the skies.

Think when the bells do chime
'Tis angels' music.

The chime of church bells reminds us of a loftily built nest of singing birds in some forest-tree, joining their varied notes together in mingled harmonies.

THE DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

Nothing but immortality can satisfy the mind of man; the mind of man is immortal. The ocean only can fill the ocean's bed. How vain, then, in man to imagine satisfaction in the acquirement of anything perishable. Was earth our home, then to be ambitious would be wise. But we are bound to immortality; and he who on the Dedalian wings of his ambition seeks happiness in worldly acquisitions, will be sure to fail.

Who that has not observed the restlessness of human ambition? Who of us can say—*I am contented?* We all look forward to something yet to come. The scenes of to-day disgust us, and we are pleased with the visions of to-morrow.

We gaze upon the distant mountain; its robe of azure, its lights and shades, so softly blended, make us imagine within its precincts the retreats and cool of Eden. Perhaps we attempt to gratify our longings. As we approach the mountain throws off its azure robe; its lights and shades shrink into rugged hills and vales—all dies away into cold reality. Thus it is with the natural landscape; it is the same with the moral.

AT three years of age we love our mothers; at six our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

THE CATHEDRAL

HUNG WITH MILITARY TROPHIES.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Lofty thy roof and pillars stretching dim!
And solemnly the symphonies are rolled,
While sweetest voices lift a glorious hymn—
Cathedral grand and old!
Yet vainly here I kneel beside the nave;
Vainly the soft notes through my spirit swell;
They stir no more than music from the wave
Stirs ocean's sunless shell.

II.

Why such a coldness, thou majestic fane?
Wast thou not reared unto the Father—God?
Swells not to him this sweetly solemn strain
From this, a sin-stained sod?
Yes!—but I know He is the Lord of Peace;
Still in my ear, from Bethlehem's sacred glen,
Float angel-voices, telling war should cease
Amid the tribes of men:

III.

Yet here what waves above the sounding aisle?
The Dove's white wing?—a banner red with gore.
And swords are glittering in the pictured pile,
Snatched from a foreign shore!
That banner streamed above an Empire's tomb,
Struck by a sister-Christian Empire down;
Those swords fell crashing, in the battle's gloom,
Upon a Christian crown.

IV

Away from thee, Cathedral grand and old!
A very torture is thy stately art;
And but a mockery each high anthem rolled
Over a peaceful heart!
Better to kneel upon the barest rock,
That guards the margin of some sterile sod—
My music only ocean's rudest shock—
When worshiping Peace's God.

Vienna.

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"A number of years ago," said an old settler, whom I met on my western travels, "I took my family to Wisconsin, and located myself in the woods, about ten miles from the nearest settlement, and at least five from the nearest neighbor The country round was mostly forest; and wild beasts and Indians were so numerous in that quarter, that my friends at the east, to whom I gave a description of my locality, expressed great fears for our safety, and said they should be less surprised to learn of our having all been cut off, than to hear of our still being alive out there at the end of a couple of years.

"However, I did not feel much alarmed on my own account—and my wife was as brave as a hunter; but then we had three children—the oldest only ten—and sometimes, when I was away from home, the sudden growl of a bear, the howl of a wolf, or the scream of a panther, would make me think of them, and feel quite uneasy.

"For a while, at first, the night-screeching and howling of these wild animals alarmed the children a good deal—and sometimes my wife and me—especially when we mistook the cry of the panther for an Indian yell; but we soon got used to the different sounds, and then did not mind them so much; and after I had got a few acres cleared around the dwelling, they generally kept more distant at night—just as if they comprehended that the place, now in the possession of their enemies, was no longer to be an abode for them. Besides, I now and then shot one, which thinned them a little, and probably frightened the others, for they gradually became less bold and annoying.

"During the first year, I had two rather narrow escapes—once from a bear, and once from a panther; but the most remarkable adventure of all was the one which happened during the second winter, and which I have always designated as a 'Night with the Wolves.'

"One bitter cold morning—the ground being deeply covered with snow, so crusted and frozen that no feet could sink into it—I brought out the horse for my wife to ride to C*****, the nearest settlement, where she had some purchases to make, which she wished to attend to herself. Besides being well muffled up in her own clothing, I wrapped a large buffalo robe around her; and admonishing her that the woods were full of danger after dark, I urged her to be sure and get back before sunset, which she promised to do.

"All day long, after her departure, from some cause for which I could not account, I felt very much depressed and uneasy, as if something evil were going to happen; and when I saw the sun about half an hour high, and no signs of my wife returning, I got out my pistols, rifle, ammunition, and hunting-knife, saddled a young and rather skittish colt, and bidding the children keep within doors, and the house safely locked, I mounted and rode off to meet her, which I expected to do at every turn of the horse-path. But at every turn I was doomed to disappointment; and when I had put mile after mile behind me, without seeing any signs of her, I became more and more alarmed, and dashed on still faster.

"It was just about dark when I saw the lights of C***** gleaming in the distance; but before I reached the town I met my wife hastening homeward—she having been unexpectedly detained by meeting an old acquaintance, who had recently come on from the east ward, and with whom she had remained to gather the news and take supper—the time passing away so quickly as to render her belated before she was aware of it.

"I was greatly rejoiced to find her safe and unharmed—but not a little puzzled to account for my presentiment of evil, which it appeared to me had taken place without cause—though in this respect I was greatly mistaken, as the sequel will show.

"We now set off at a brisk trot homeward—through a dense, dark, gloomy wood, which lined our way on either side—and had safely proceeded about five miles, when we were somewhat startled by a series of long, plaintive howls, at a considerable distance, and in different directions, and which our experience told us were wolves, seemingly calling and answering each other through the great forest.

"The wolves of this region were of the larger and fiercer species; and though ordinarily and singly they might not attack a human being, yet in numbers and pressed by hunger, as they generally were at this season of the year, I by no means felt certain that we should not be molested.

"Accordingly we quickened the pace of our horses and as we hurried on I grew every moment more uneasy and alarmed, as I noticed that many of the sounds gradually approached us. We had just entered a deep hollow, where a few large trees stretched their huge branches over a dense thicket, when suddenly there arose several loud, harsh, baying, and snarling sounds close at hand. The next moment there was a quick rustling and thrashing among the bushes; and then some six or eight large wolves—lean, gaunt, and maddened with hunger—sprung into the path close beside us.

"This happened so suddenly and unexpectedly, that my wife gave a slight scream and dropped her rein; and the horse, rearing and plunging at the same moment, unseated her; and she fell to the ground, right in the very midst of the savage beasts, whose glaring eyes shone in the darkness like so many coals of fire.

"Fortunately, her sudden fall startled the wild animals a little; and as they momentarily drew back she, with rare presence of mind, at once gathered her buffalo robe, which she had dragged with her, in such a manner about her person as to protect herself from the first onset of their fangs. The next moment the ferocious animals, with the most savage growls, sprung at her, at me, and at the two horses simultaneously. Hers at once shook himself clear of his foes and fled; and mine began to rear and plunge in such a manner that I could not make use of a single weapon, and only by main strength keep him from running away with me.

"It was a terrrible moment of exciting agony; and the instant that I could release my feet from the stirrups, I leaped to the ground with a yell—my rifle slipping from my hands, and discharging itself by the concussion, and my steed rushing like lightning after his flying companion over the frozen snow.

"Luckily, I had my loaded pistols and my knife convenient to my grasp; and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, but thinking only that the dear mother of my little ones lay fairly beneath some three or four of the furiously fighting and snarling wild beasts, I grasped the weapons, one in each hand, cocked them at the same instant, and, fairly jumping into the midst of my enemies, placed the muzzles against the heads of two that had turned to rend me, and fired them both together.

"Both shots, thank God! took effect—it could not be otherwise—and as the two wolves rolled howlingly back in their death agonies, their starving companions, smelling and getting a taste of their blood, and instinctively comprehending that they were now fairly in their power, fell upon them with the most ravenous fury, and literally tore them to pieces, and devoured them before my very eyes, almost over the body of my wife, and in less I should say than a minute of time.

"Ascertaining, by a few anxious inquiries, that my wife was still alive and unharmed, I bade her remain quiet; and picking up my rifle, I proceeded to load all my weapons with the greatest dispatch.

As soon as I had rammed the first ball home, I felt tempted to shoot another of the animals; but at that moment I heard a distant howling; and fearing we should soon be beset by another pack, I reserved my fire for the next extreme danger, and hurriedly loaded the others.

"By the time I had fairly completed this operation, our first assailants, having nearly gorged themselves upon their more unfortunate companions, began to slink away; but the cries of the others at the same time growing nearer, warned me to be upon my guard.

"I had just succeeded in getting my wife more securely rolled in her protecting robe, as the safest thing I could do in that extremity—and myself, pistols in hand, in a defensive attitude over her prostrate body—when some eight or ten more of the savage and desperate creatures made their appearance upon the scene.

"There was a momentary pause as they came into view and discovered me—during which their eyes glared and shone like living coals—and then, with terrific growls and snarls, they began to circle round me, each moment narrowing the space between us.

"Suddenly one, more daring or hungry than the others, bounded forward, and received a shot from one of my pistols directly between his eyes; and, as he rolled back upon the snow, a part of the others sprung upon him, as in the case of the first.

"But I had no time to congratulate myself that I had disposed of him; for almost at the same instant I felt the lacerating fangs of another in my thigh, which caused me to shriek with pain; and my poor wife, with an answering shriek, believing it was all over with me, was about to get up and face the worst, when, shouting to her not to stir, that I was still safe, I placed my pistol against the head of my assailant, and stretched him quivering upon the snow also.

"I still had my rifle in reserve; and pointing that at the fighting pack, I poured its contents among them. How many were wounded I do not know; but almost immediately the space around us became once more cleared of our howling enemies—some limping as they fled, and appearing to be harrassed by the others.

"Again it appeared to me we had met with a wonderful deliverance; and though the wound in my thigh was somewhat painful, a brief examination satisfied me that it would not prove serious; and I hastily proceeded to reload my weapons—my wife meantime getting upon her feet, embracing me tenderly, and earnestly thanking God for our preservation.

"'Oh, the dear children!' she exclaimed, with maternal tenderness; 'little do they know how near they have come to being made orphans, and left alone in this solitary wilderness! Let us hasten home to them! Oh, let us hasten home to them, while we have an opportunity!'

"'We have no opportunity,' I gloomily replied. 'Hark! there are more of our foes in the distance—do you not hear them?'

"'And are they coming this way, too?' she tremblingly inquired.

"'I fear so.'

"'Oh, great God! what then will become of us!' she exclaimed; 'for I am almost certain that we shall not both survive a third attack.'

"'I see but one way of escape,' said I, anxiously. 'We must climb a tree, and remain in the branches till morning.'

"'We shall surely freeze to death there!' she replied.

"'I trust not; but, at all events as our horses are gone, we have no alternative. I think your buffalo robe, well wrapped around, will protect you from the cold, as it has done from the wolves; and as for myself, I will endeavor to keep warm by climbing up and down, and stamping upon the limbs.'

"'But why not kindle a fire?' she quickly rejoined, her voice suddenly animated with a hope that I was obliged to disappoint.

"'For two reasons,' I replied. 'First, because we have not time—do you not hear another hungry pack howling?—and secondly, because we have not the materials—the loose brush and sticks being buried under the snow.'

"'God help us, then!' groaned my wife; 'there seems nothing for us but death! Oh, my poor, dear children! May the good God grant that they be not made orphans this night!'

"I bade her take heart and not despair; and then selecting a large tree, whose lower limbs were broad and thick, but above the reach of our enemies, I hastily assisted her to a good foothold, and immediately climbed up after her.

"We were not there a moment too soon; for scarcely had we got ourselves settled in a comparatively comfortable position, when another hungry pack of our enemies appeared below us—howling, snarling, and fighting—their up-turned eyes occasionally glowing fearfully in the darkness.

"But we were safe from their reach; and all that long, dismal night we remained there, listening to their discordant tones, and thinking of the dear ones at home.

"The night was intensely cold; and in spite of all my efforts to keep my sluggish blood in circulation, I became so benumbed before morning, that I believe I should have given up and perished, except for the pleading voice of my wife, who begged me, for God's sake, to hold out, and not leave her a widow and my children fatherless.

"Daylight came at last; and never was morn hailed with greater joy. Our foes now slunk away, one by one, and left us to ourselves; and a few minutes after their disappearance, I got down and exercised myself violently; and having thus brought back a little warmth to my system, I assisted my wife to alight, and we at once started homeward.

"I scarcely need add that we arrived there in due time, to find our poor, night-long terrified children almost frantic with joy at our safe return."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PERPLEXED YOUNG LADY has three suitors—one old, ugly, and very rich; the second young, handsome, rich and dissipated; the third young, handsome, industrious, honest and poor. She loves the latter best, but all her relatives and friends oppose her marriage with him, on account of his poverty; some of them want her to marry the rich old man, and some want her to marry the rich young man, and she doesn't know what to do. The bare statement of the case fills us with disgust, and it is our opinion that our correspondent had better not marry at all, until she can attain unto a sufficient degree of LOVE to know what that divine affection really is. It is quite evident that at present she knows nothing about it. The following lines apply to this "perplexed young lady's" case, if she really loves the poor lover.

The *world* would say—the world which is cold—
Marry him ugly, marry him old,
For what is a man who hath no gold?
Then marry the ugly one, e'en if old,
What's lost in *love* will be gained in *gold*.

But Fashion would say, marry thou him
Whose every thought is a foolish whim;
For he's handsome, young, and O, *so* rich,
You'll ne'er be compelled to stitch and stitch.
Then marry him rich, young, dissipated,
And by Fashion you'll ever be "first-rated."

But Love will say, with eternal truth,
Hearts to hearts wedded in budding youth
Secure us mortals more joy below,
Than aught else earthly we e'er can know
Then marry him poor, industrious, true,
For Love will approve what young hearts do.

ENGAGEMENT RING.—This correspondent was engaged to be married; business called him from home; corresponded with his sweetheart; about four weeks prior to the time fixed for the marriage, her letters ceased to come, and he thought they must have miscarried; but on returning home and calling on his betrothed, he learned that she was about to be married to another. She told him so to his face, and refused to give up the engagement ring, (his own departed mother's gift to him) which he had given her. He became furious and said savage things, but the fair traitress was unyielding. He then ascertained who his rival was, and learned that *he* had the ring in his possession. He wrote to the rival, demanding the ring. Rival sent back a note, commanding our correspondent "to meet him, unarmed, as he valued his life, on the public square, at 9 o'clock to-night." Our correspondent did *not* meet him. Next day, the rival called at correspondent's room with the ring, and they got into a quarrel. The ill-treated lover thrashed the rival soundly, took the ring from him, and "put him out." The affair has occasioned much talk, and our correspondent wants to know if he was justified in doing what he did. Public opinion would probably say yes; but inflexible justice would say no, and we side with inflexible justice.

DESDEMONA.—We have not the time or space in which to "unfold all the philosophy and mystery of love." You are undoubtedly wrong in supposing that true love is *never* suddenly inspired. True love may be brief. A man may love a woman "truly" for a short time, and then have his love killed by some fatal discovery in regard to the character of the one beloved. You probably mean that the most lasting love and the happiest unions are founded in thorough knowledge and admiration of character and spiritual sympathy. This is certainly the fact. Where a couple fall hastily in love, and marry before having had an opportunity of sounding the depths of each other's nature, and then begin to discover traits of character mutually repugnant to each other's tastes and sympathies, they will soon become estranged, no matter how ardent their ill-conceived passion may have been.

DIMO.—You can at any time obtain the back numbers of the LEDGER containing the story of "THE PIONEER PATRIOT; OR, THE MAID OF THE WAR PATH." They will cost forty-four cents. You can order them through any newsdealer in your town.

ROLLIN.—Persons living in different towns can club together for the LEDGER, and each subscriber's paper will be sent directly to his address in the town where he lives.

MOTHER.—If you are careful to get *good* pictures for your children, you cannot supply them with too many.

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.—Any elementary treatise on philosophy will be of service to you.

MRS. ——, Thomasville, Ga.—You misunderstood us in supposing that we "*invite* contributions by saying that we pay contributors better than the proprietor of any other paper does." The fact that we pay our writers liberally is not an "invitation" to all the ladies in the world and the rest of mankind to send us voluntary contributions, and we are surprised that any one should so interpret a statement of that fact, especially as we have so repeatedly declared that we do not want and will not accept contributions from anybody outside of our circle of regular contributors.

PERPLEXUS is a student at college. He has met a young lady whom he loves—worships. Knows it would be very indiscreet to marry before graduating, but is "afraid that some one else will get her" before that time, and his perplexity plays the mischief with him. In this dilemma he asks, "What shall I do?" You had better state your case to the young lady, and take counsel with her.

BEDFORD.—You of course know all the facts of the case, and must judge for yourself whether or not the young lady loves you. There would be no harm in declaring your own sentiments, and asking her to treat you with like confidence.

GARLAND OF ROSES.—The man who would allow a year to elapse without writing to his betrothed, would have no just cause for complaint if, on returning to her native village, he should find her the affianced or the wife of another.

NANINE.—You had better wait a few months for further developments. Perhaps the absent one is ill, or has gone from his place of residence on business. It will not do to be too hasty in such matters.

EMILINE, Syracuse.—The back numbers of the LEDGER you mention can be ordered at any time, through any of the newsdealers in Syracuse. The song you refer to was written by Sir Walter Scott. It occurs in "Marmion," and the last two stanzas run as follows:

Where shall the traitor rest.
He, the deceiver—
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted!
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, no, never.

ELLA.—It would require much study and practice on your part to perfect yourself in mosaic work. Mosaics are imitations of paintings by means of colored stones, pieces of glass, of marble, and even of wood of different colors, cemented together with much art. The name is sometimes supposed to be derived from *Moses*, as the pretended inventor; sometimes from *musa*, in the sense of elegant, beauty; sometimes from *museum* (a grotto consecrated to the muses,) perhaps from the circumstance that mosaics were first used in grottoes. Nothing is known with precision of the invention and history of this art in antiquity. Probably it originated into the East, but received its perfection from the Greeks, and was thus conveyed to the Romans. It is still in vogue, and there are various "schools" of the art, the most celebrated being the Roman and the Florentine. In the former the paintings are formed by joining very small pieces of stone, which gives greater variety and elegance, and facilitates the representation of large historical paintings. The Florentine style, which makes use of larger pieces of stone, is far more troublesome, and is adapted only for simple subjects.

DISPUTANT.—There should of course be the most unreserved confidence between husbands and wives concerning whatever is connected with conjugal, domestic, and family matters; but a doctor cannot and should not confide to his wife the secrets of his patients, nor a lawyer those of his clients, nor a clergyman those of his parishioners, nor a business man those of his customers, etc., etc. A wife may likewise have secrets confided to her which she would have no business to communicate to her husband, they being not *hers* but *her neighbor's* secrets. If she should say, before a secret was confided to her, that she wished to hear NOTHING she would not be at liberty to communicate to her husband, and after that, if any one should be so indiscreet as to confide a secret to her, she would of course have a perfect right to tell it to her husband—but it would be a *little* undignified even then for him to listen to it.

JONAS.—We have no doubt that there is much truth in the old couplet—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

As a general thing, the man who goes to bed at ten o'clock and gets up at four or five will enjoy much better health and greater efficiency than he who retires and rises later. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. It is constitutional with some to sit up late and rise late, and with others to retire early and get up early. John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster were early risers and could work best in the morning; but Dr. Johnson and William Pitt could work best at night, or far into the morning, *before* going to bed. Each man should have common sense enough to determine such a question for himself.

ROBERT.—Your father is right and your teacher is in error. It is better to study less and spend more time in robust and hearty exercise, as your father says. The teacher who keeps his pupils in school six hours a day, and gives them daily lessons which require four hours study at home, is totally unfit for his office. Learning to a man of sickly frame is like gold in the pocket of a spent swimmer; it the more speedily drags him down to death.

JOSHUA.—We do not agree with you in placing agriculture at the head of the useful arts and callings. It is no more "honorable" than any other honest occupation, nor any more useful than many others. We think that the labor which raises grain is no more useful and honorable than the labor that grinds and cleans it, or that which turns it into food for the table; and the last two certainly require more skill than the first.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—If the firm for which your young brother is at work have any property, he can collect his wages of them by due course of law. If they are worth nothing, he has no redress. And if they are wealthy it may be that it would cost him as much to get his dues from them by a law-suit as the sum thus obtained would amount to. It is certainly a hard case, but hardship is one of the conditions of living in this world.

OSKALOOSA.—It will not be a very difficult matter for you to combine your duty to your father and your duty to yourself in such a manner as to injure neither of you. Unless your selfishness is too strong for your filial affection and sense of duty, you can find a way to serve your aged father without materially injuring yourself. The *will to do right* is the chief thing in such a case.

GUMPTION.—Your case is simply the old one of love against interest, and you must yourself take the responsibility of deciding it, as you will be certain to take the consequences of the decision. As a general rule, the man who is capable of hesitating on such a question had better take the meaner side of interest, as he is not manly enough successfully to take the noble one of love.

MARIE LOUISE.—The proper seating of a choir is a matter of dispute among those who are considered the best authority on the subject. Some seat the tenors behind the sopranos, and the bassos behind the altos; and others the altos behind the sopranos, and the bassos behind the tenors. We suspect that it makes but little difference how they are seated.

W. E. G.—You can get all the information we possess concerning the "Sybil's Circle" in the chapter devoted to that subject by Mrs. Southworth, in her story of "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING." The materials with which the game is played can probably be obtained at some book-store, or other place where such things are sold.

DOUBTER.—We consider the version of the Bible which has been so long in use good enough for anybody; and you would find it much more profitable to study it attentively, in the right spirit, than to worry yourself about "revised versions."

ILLINOIS.—A woman writing from a town in this State, says she had been engaged to a poor young man about two years, but recently married another man whom she likes less, after a short acquaintance, because he was better off than her lover of two years standing. Her relatives, she says, maintain that she did right, while her friends say she did wrong, and should have remained true to her poor lover. She wishes us to decide the question for her. We think you must have less moral sense, or less intellectual perception, than any woman we have ever known, if you cannot perceive that you have behaved in a most reprehensible manner. Your relatives are probably blinded by the hope of making something out of your rich but unfortunate husband, who is much to be pitied if he did not know of your previous engagement. If he did know of it, you served him right in marrying him; and your poor lover should thank your husband heartily for having rescued him from the imminent danger he was in of marrying you himself.

J. L. C.—Your theory does not hold good in practice. History shows that those nations that have *shortened* their weapons have been most successful in war. Look at the sword with which the Romans conquered the world, the British bayonet, the American army sword, and our social Bowie-knife. Poland did not lose her liberties until a lance fifteen feet long became the national weapon. You remember the splendid lines on the taking of Warsaw, in which Sarmatia (Poland) is so beautifully lauded and mourned:

O, bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime.
Dropped from her *nerveless grasp* the shattered *spear*;
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.

Had the Poles carried bayonets or short swords instead of their long spears, the poet might have sung a different song.

SHYLOCK.—This correspondent says he recently called on a lady—a friend *only*—in the evening, and had been there but a few minutes when another gentleman came in, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the lady; but "Shylock" sat the new-comer out before taking his leave, and now he wants to know if he did right. No, certainly not. In civilized society it is customary for a gentleman who has called on a lady to retire before one who calls while he is there; unless the first caller is the accepted lover of the lady, or there is some special reason for his remaining. A man who "sits out" another, under such circumstances, to gratify personal feelings or to achieve a petty triumph, cannot justly lay claim to the noble title of gentleman.

A CONSTANT READER.—Yours is a hard case. If your wife is *really* afflicted with some disease which occasions the nervousness you speak of, and its consequent annoyances, it would be cruel to treat her otherwise than with the most tender regard; but if she *could* overcome it, and *will not*, then you would be justified in bringing her to terms by stringent measures. A man's home should not be broken up, and his comfort entirely destroyed, to gratify any woman's whims or obstinate selfishness. If you should have business abroad for a year or so, the effect upon her might be beneficial.

NEW MEXICO wants to know "why Kit Carson, the famous Indian fighter and frontiersman, has never written a book to give the world an account of his interesting adventures." The reason probably is, because Kit can neither read nor write, except in the great book of nature, and even in that, though he reads an Indian trail and the signs of the forest or the prairie with unerring exactness, when it comes to action he always contents himself with making his indelible mark.

GEORGE HOFFMAN, in the LEDGER of February 20th, inquired how he could ascertain the whereabouts of his brother, who was in Australia the last he heard of him, and we advised him to advertise in the Australian papers. We can now inform him, that if his brother's name is Conrad, and if he formerly lived in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, he can learn something of him by writing to his mother in that place.

INVENTIVE APPRENTICE.—It is not probable that you could make your master pay over any share of the profits of the invention you have made, and which he has patented. The principles which would govern the adjudication of such a case would go to the very foundations of equity jurisprudence, and the lawsuit would involve a large outlay of time and money, and after all you might lose the suit.

SUBSCRIBER.—The only general rule of social intercourse that can safely be followed is, to act with thorough politeness on all occasions—that is, as courteously as you would act in the presence of some clergyman, or great man, whom you highly respected and honored. He who departs from this rule does so at his peril, and should know his company thoroughly.

MATHEMATICS.—To multiply 5 cwt. 3 qrs. 16 lbs. by 5 cwt. 3 qrs. 16 lbs. reduce the quarters and pounds to fractions of a cwt. Three qrs. would be three-fourths, and sixteen lbs. would be one-seventh of a cwt. The problem would then be—5 + 3-4 + 1-7 x 5 + 3-4 + 1-7, or, reduced to a common denomination, 165-28 x 165-28, and the product would be—34 cwt. 2 qrs. 25 lbs. and 57-196 of a lb.

MINNIE.—Go to the post-office and say there is an advertised letter for you, and you can get the document. If it is advertised in a distant office, write to the postmaster of such office, send him a postage stamp, and request him to forward the letter to your address. In this city, letters are advertised every week; in small places, once a month.

J. A. J. L.—We can furnish you with the back numbers of the LEDGER mentioned. We cannot "stop subscriptions for a while, and then recommence sending the papers," but will at any time change a subscriber's address on being requested to do so. In such a case the subscriber's *old* address, as well as the *new* one, must be given.

CHARLTON B. G.—In the LEDGER for March 14th, 1857, you will find a thorough exposition of the rules and regulations which govern the application for appointments to a cadetship in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and the examination of such as are fortunate enough to obtain the coveted appointment.

IMOGENE.—Double-dealing and vacillation work disastrously in love affairs, as they do in everything else. You should make up your mind, and then inflexibly adhere to your resolution. Nobody can hurt you for doing right; and in this country no man would be permitted to "wreak his vengeance," etc.

OSSION.—A dog in a family does not affect the health of children injuriously; on the contrary, we have often heard physicians say that "horses and dogs are healthy for children," and our own observation inclines us to believe that the physicians were right.

F. C. J.—A couple that cannot agree on matters which are vital to the happiness of either, had better not marry. A lover or sweetheart who will not make a reasonable sacrifice of personal whims or practices, as a husband or wife would be apt to be intolerably offensive and aggressive.

CHARLES J. B.—We have never seen the book you refer to as the measure of the one you wish to get published, and a model of the style in which you wish to have it brought out, and therefore cannot give you an estimate of the cost of issuing a thousand copies thereof.

HISTORY.—In time of war the government can draft men for the army, in case they cannot get enough soldiers otherwise, and every man drafted must prove that he is exempt from military duty, or "stand his draft," or procure a substitute.

HUBERT.—There is no remedy, that we are aware of, for the enlargement of joints on the foot. A special case may be specially treated by a physician who is skillful in such matters, so as to afford relief, but there is no general remedy.

OLD NEW YORK SUBSCRIBER.—The facts you mention are not sufficient to justify you in law to break the engagement; and should you marry another, your present bethrothed could maintain an action against you for breach of promise.

MERCERVILLE.—A postmaster who makes a habit of keeping back your LEDGER until he has read it himself ought to be held up to the indignation of every one who has the manliness to subscribe or pay for a paper.

M. S. B. D. S.—We have no recollection of having received the "poem" you refer to, and will here say, that you may be put to no inconvenience hereafter by sending us similar productions, that we do not accept voluntary contributions.

BOSTON GIRL.—You can find means of being introduced to the gentleman after a time, if you will set about doing so. It would not do to write him a note before you had made his acquaintance in a proper manner.

A MASSACHUSETTS SUBSCRIBER.—We never vary from our rules in regard to subscriptions. *Payment in advance is required in* ALL CASES; and sooner than break this rule we would stop publishing the LEDGER altogether.

CLYDE.—By going before any court in Illinois authorized to grant letters of naturalization, and producing the certificate of your declaration of intentions, and the necessary witnesses, you can obtain your papers.

A YOUNG MAN IN A QUANDARY.—You can with equal propriety present the philopœna present to the young lady personally, or send it by a messenger with a note of explanation.

ADA.—Such trifles should be disregarded; and a man who is obstinate, jealous, "pouty," and tyrannical, as a lover, would be a perfect ruffian as a husband.

W. A. G., Louisville.—We refer you to Zerubabel himself, in "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," for an answer to your question about his descent.

JOHN W. T.—In the LEDGER of March 14th, 1857, you will find all necessary information concerning the application for cadetships to the Military Academy at West Point.

WET.—You would be unwise to force your wife to live with you against her will. Let her go.

W. U. K.—Compel the insulter to cease his insults, if you have the courage to do so, if not, bear them in silence.

U. S.—You must remember the old adage "faint heart never won fair lady," and return to the attack.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*